THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

VOL. XV. NO. 19. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1896.—FIFTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A.O.H. GOSSIP.

Gratifying Accessions to the Ranks of the Order in This City—Remarks on Frequent Parades.

One Good Turnout Worth Fifty Weak Ones—Other News of Interest to Hibernians and Others.

The good news of two new new divisions making application for admission will be submitted to the County Board at its meeting on Sunday. One is worthy of more than passing mention, being composed of the gallant veterans of old division No. 27. For years they had kept their organization intact while their comrades fell by the wayside, disrupted and dispersed. Still No. 27 kept their colors flying, and were at last alone with their attention fixed on the steady growth of the A.O.H. in other portions of the city. They could not remain idle while good work was to be done, and, after a year's inaction, came to the comrades of by-gone days to resume the labor so well performed in the past in behalf of Faith and Mother Country. With them come John Bigane, P. Moran, M. Mooney, Michael Larney, and John Larney. We welcome them to our ranks with that warmth which is engendered by remembrance of old ties and past associations. The men of Brighton are a most opportune and healthy addition to our Order.

The other addition to our Cook county organization if from the West Side, the parish of Our Lady of Sorrows. The credit of the good work is due to Brothers Cullinan, Coughlin, Hugh Bradshaw, Thomas Bradshaw, and J. J. Lamb, assisted by Messrs. Treacy and Meade. In response to an invitation, John T. Keating met a group of the parishioners at Corrigan's Hall on Sunday last. The gathering was an intelligent and appreciative representation of some of the best material in the vicinity. Among those present were Messrs Moran, Ryan, Quinn, Hanlon, Callaghan, McLaughlin, Creighton, Gorhegan, Doyle, Finnegan and many others of whom thirty enrolled their names on the application for membership, the others asking until the next meeting to consider the matter. The location of the division will be in the neighborhood of Lake street and Sacramento avenue, and it bids fair to equal if not outstrip any of the additions to the Order in '96.

Last Sunday the societies of All Saints parish turned out to received Archbishop Feehan on the occasion of his visit to administer the sacrament of confirmation. The Forestic Societies, Sodalities, Young Men's Society and the Polish Knights made an excellent showing, and the local A.O.H. divisions sent over 200 members to swell the ranks. Division No. 20 had eighty-five men in line, and was followed by No. 17 with seventy of its members. No. 2 had a large percentage of its rank and file present, and Divisions 35, 10, 4, 19 and 36 joined ranks behind the others. Among those present were Bros. J. J. Lamb, Martin Mulcahy, P. J. Connolly, J. Hanrahan, P. J. O'Brien, J. O'Hara, P. F. Holden, and Daniel Collins. The A.O.H. had the right of the line, headed by the Seventh Regiment Band, and it is to be regretted that more of the membership was not then present. The contrast between the military and mounted bodies of Teutonic fraternities somewhat dimmed the glory of the Hibernians, and many were the whispers, "If the Knights were only here." Two features of this parade deserve or provoke comment. First, much surprise was expressed that the membership at large—at least on the South Side—did not turn out. Second, the absence of the Knights was deplored.

It is somewhat unreasonable to expect the A.O.H. to be on parade more than any other society, and the labor should be divided between the sections of the city. I notice that Bro. M. J. Moloney is wisely centering his efforts for the West Side demonstration among the divisions of that section of the city. His example should be followed. He is certain of a good representation from the six West Side divisions, and probably fair attendance from all others who can conveniently get there. By this calculation at least 500 will respond to Brother Moloney's effort. But the brothers on the West Side will decline to respond if they are called out again in July and yet again in September. Hence it is necessary to use judgment in issuing invitations. One good demonstration is worth fifty weak ones. It would be well to limit the number. We should also remember that at this season all Catholic societies approach holy communion in a body, and this admirable and edifying custom should receive preference to all other public demonstrations. A general morning visit to the church has more practical and moral effect on the community than our attendance at the laying of a corner-stone. Our people's holidays are for the most part limited to Sundays, and we cannot ask them to sacrifice twenty-five of those days as has been the custom.

Respecting the Knights, I am anxious to draw attention to a matter lost sight of by our friends who invite them to participate in parades. The brothers who join the Knights have been personally at the expense of over thirty dollars each for equipment. They pay each month an additional assessment for rent of drill hall. They spend some hours a week in studying and practising military tactics. This, I think it will be acknowledged, is considerable sacrifice on the part of those gallant young fellows, yet on no occasion has there been a suggestion of assisting them or reimbursing them for their large outlay. Company A must have paid out nearly $1,000 in equipping its men, and this without any assistance. Is it fair to put them to the additional expense of going wherever invited without donating something towards their treasury? It is worth consideration. Action in a favorable manner will be great encouragement to Companies B and C.

Many inquiries come from outside districts as to the style of the Hiberuian Knights. If our brothers going to the State convention wore the uniform of the Knights, it would be a splendid inducement to the visitors to take steps to organize the uniform rank in other counties. If we had ten companies organized in Illinois we could have a general encampment of the military and quasi-military organizations connected with Irish societies, which would have a healthy effect on Irish sentiment in our State. Let us be generous with our uniformed rank.

The reunion of Div. 26 was a success in every way. Good humor, good speeches, good songs and good people. President P. J. Reynolds was smiles all over when mounting the chairman's rostrum. He welcomed all to enjoy the hospitalities of No. 26, and introduced State President John T. Keating, who spoke on the work of the A.O.H. and its results on the communities where it existed. P. J. O'Brien, of No. 17, sang in excellent voice "Your Barney will Come Home Again," which was followed by a recitation from M. F. Fanning of No. 12. Brother Irwin of No. 10 was next on the programme, and was succeeded by County President Hevely, who drew attention to the benefit which would accrue to young men from membership in the Order. Brother Dan F. Curley, of No. 6, rendered the "Dear Little Shamrock" in splendid style, and had to respond to an encore, choosing for the same a charactar-sketch entitled the "Scandinavian in Politics." Brother Mullen of No. 26 recited two comic selections in inimitable style, provoking much merriment. P. F. Holden of Div. 36 delivered an address on the national issues in an able and eloquent manner, winning loud applause from his large audience. He was succeeded by Mr. Brown, who executed a splendid baritone solo with excellent taste.

The address of the evening was one delivered by Hon. M. A. Gearon of Sarpy of Greeley county, Nebraska, and now a resident of this city. Mr. Gearon spoke in that interesting style which keeps an audience from opening to close. He reviewed his experience while journeying through the States, and told of the benefit the A.O.H. can be to young men, of its power for good and the practice of true friendship and fraternity which prevailed among its members. He referred to the colonization enterprises which were on foot in various States, and asked consideration of the same. He said we should be more liberal in idea, and that we were too suspicious of our people who engaged in politics or sought preferment in political life, and said we needed defenders in that arena. He closed by congratulating No. 26 on the success of their reunion, and encouraged the repetition of same.

After a splendid song from Ed Cummings, who was in excellent voice, the visitors departed leaving the "boys" of No. 26 to enjoy a "go-as you-please" programme until a late hour.

The address which referred to our suspicion of politicians was delivered somewhat under a misapprehension of the true position of our people locally towards those of our race who are engaged in the political field. We have many excellent members holding political positions elective or appointive. We have many excellent members who have honorable political ambitions. They have earned our confidence by earnest and devoted work in our ranks, and are entitled to our esteem because of their loyalty to the principles of the Order. For those, so long as they retain their interest in our work, we have our best wishes, our willing help and our hearty indorsement. Nay more, it is our interest and our duty to assist them. There is, however, another class which are unfortunately in the majority, and who have given birth to the now too prevalent suspicion of those engaged in politics. This class are those who rush to membership when they learn a society is increasing in membership, though it existed for years with their knowledge in their immediate vicinity. Those who, after becoming members, interest themselves in or visit the division only immediately before a spring or fall election; those who, having been brought into prominence and elevated to high position by their compatriots, forget the existence of the same when comfortably settled in their fat and perquisite-making jobs. Those who, when the end of their term approaches, immediately remember the ladder and peep down from Humpty Dumpty's wall to see if they can secure a footing, and wonder whether the Irish Nationalist picnic is on the 15th of August or the 12th of July. Those who suggest it would be as well if their henchmen placed them for a speech at some society picnic and wonder was it Robert Bruce won the battle of Benburb or Owen Roe the fight at Bannockburn. Of such as those long experience has taught us to be suspicious, and we will submit plenty of instances for the study of inquiring minds before the leaves begin to fall. We honor and welcome our faithful as our champions. We contemn and despise the trickster who revamps his patriotism to suit opportunity.

James B. Morrow, editor of the Cleveland Leader, is out with a statement in which he denies that William McKinley, candidate for the presidency, is a member of the A.O.H. Who said he was? Who tried to get William in?

I notice in the Irish Standard that at the State convention of the Minnesota A.O.H., the Ladies' Auxiliary will be represented. They won't do any harm. On the contrary they will be of great assistance in framing such by-laws as be worthy of consideration, and probably endorsed by the National convention. The Ladies' Auxiliary of Minnesota is far ahead of similar organizations in another State. In Duluth last month the Daughters of Erin celebrated their anniversary in a manner which threw all former attempts in the shade, and will be the topic of conversation for months to come.

In New Hampshire the new state officers have already settled down to work with a vim which will set things humming. State President Griffin is going around the divisions, and his encouraging words will urge them to new efforts.

Division No. 2, of Chatauqua county, New York, was organized last month, and is noticeable for the large number of charter members, no less than 126 signing the roll. The ceremonies were unusually impressive. Erie, Cattaraugus and Chatauqua counties sent large contingents to assist at same. The gilded pen of the correspondent of the Buffalo Catholic Union and Times styles the event "the awakening of Irish National sentiment nigh the western watch-tower of the Empire State."

The State Convention will be called to order at 11 o'clock Tuesday morning, May 12, in Danville. All delegates from this county are expected to leave Chicago Monday night.

The County Board will meet next Sunday (May 10). Every member should make an effort to be present. ER.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

SARSFIELD'S RIDE.

BY W. J. PURCELL.

With muffled tread and stealthy stride
Past William's camp and Shannon tide,
On through the rapid gathering gloom
Is seen the knightly Sarsfield's plume;
Then swift by mountain, moor and glen
Gallop the picked and stalwart men
Who sped from Limerick's leagured shore
Past sunset on the eve before
To blast the Williamite siege train
That's camped at Ballyneety's lane.
The moon conceals her silvery light
In friendly league with cloudy night.
Each trooper tests his battle blade;
Shrilly each eager war-steed neighed
As they spurred on through Silver-mines.
Ere yet they strike the footman's lines.
But when at grey dawn of the day
They reached the fated camp where lay
The sentries lost in slumber deep,
Swift from their scabbards keen swords leap,
And William's train is in that hour
In Lucan's grasp, in Ireland's power.
"Sarsfield's the word. Sarsfield's the man"
From Irish lips the signal ran,
And Irish lance and tested blade
In Sassenach blood right deeply wade;
Up goes the train in flame and smoke,
Its very thunder sleepers woke
Deep in the midst of Galway's fens,
Far in the shade of Clare's fair glens.
Beleagured Limerick hears the shock,
And William's camp is felt to rock.
And, sure, the Stadtholder well knew
'Twas work that Sarsfield 'lone could do,
For 'twas a gallant feat of arms,
A deed of fame 'mid war's alarms,
And to this day in Limerick town
They love to dwell on his renown,
And sighing, ask for the time when
A man like him shall lead again.

Mischief of the A.P.A.

The mischief of this movement has lately begun to reveal itself at the national capital. The defeat of the appropriation for Indian schools, because most of these schools are under the care of Roman Catholics, is due to these societies, and it is to their hostility that we owe the shameful proposal to exclude from the National gallery of statuary the effigy of the great pioneer and discoverer, Father Marquette. With respect to the schools, they avail themselves of a sentiment which widely prevails, and which is reasonable enough, but which, in this case, is greatly overstrained, with the result of depriving the Indian pupils of educational privileges. The spirit of the organization is exhibited also in the semi-official announcement that Senator Hawley of Connecticut is to be denied a re-election because of the part he took in securing the promotion to a generalship of Col. Coppinger, whose fault is that he is a Roman Catholic. Not only are Roman Catholics to be refused permission to take part in the defense of their country, but those who decline to ostracize them must themselves be ostracized.—*The Century for May.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

THE GREAT O'NEILLS.

Magnificent Lecture on Ireland's Palatines by Mrs. M. T. Pender, the Gifted Irish Authoress.

Hugh O'Neill, the Younger, Who So Gallantly Defended Cromwell, Admitted to Quarter by Cromwell and Recommended by Him to the King of Spain.

Mrs. M. T. Pender, the highly distinguished Irish novelist and publicist, delivered a lecture on "The Great O'Neills," before the Irish Literary society of Belfast recently, which evoked unbounded admiration, if enthusiastic applause is evidence of approval, from a large gathering of ladies and gentlemen of all creeds present.

Hon. Michael McCartan, M. P., president of the Young Ireland society, occupied the chair.

Mrs. Pender, on being introduced, sketched rapidly and brilliantly the rise and progress of the great House of Tyrowen from the days of Nial of the Hostages to those of the gallant Donal O'Neill whose famous letter to Pope John XII., in regard to English iniquities in Ireland, is an Irish classic. After tracing the career of other chieftains of the House of O'Neill, Mrs. Pender proceeded as follows:

The centuries and more unwind their veil of cloud and storm in Ireland, and now from the lightning-threatened, blood-streaked gloom looms forth a grand, a striking, a colossal figure—a figure on which the eyes of all Ireland, friends and foes, natives and foreigners, are bent with hope or hate—about which centres and revolves all the turmoil of a mass of English statesmen, swordsmen, cutthroats and intriguers, and native chieftains, preying and preyed upon at every point, which now, alas, Ireland—a figure, flashing like a comet against the northern sky, wild, fascinating, alluring, terrible; picturesque, splendid as one of Salvator Rosa's—the figure of Hugh O'Neill, Proud O'Neill. He had fought his way against rival claimants and English steel, killing the one and conquering the other, to the stone chair of royalty at Tullahogue, and then caused himself to be invested with the sovereignty of his race and country. Shane lost no time in asserting that high authority, which he meant kinsmen and foemen alike to feel. O'Reilly, of Cavan, had renounced his ancient dignity and become a paltry Earl of Breffny and liegeman of Queen Elizabeth. This Shane would not suffer. He swept down on O'Reilly like a thunderstorm, and compelled him, sorely ruing, to lay down his new-fangled earlship at the feet of O'Neill and to return to his fealty and obedience. About the same time Queen Elizabeth sent a secret courier to Calvagh O'Donnell, Chief of Tyrconnell, offering to make him Earl of Tyrconnell if only he would become her subject and oppose the power of this new and terrible O'Neill. She also sent letters to O'Donnell's wife, a Scottish lady of the Clan MacClean, whom contemporary historians call the Countess of Argyle, offering to bestow on her some costly jewels, if she, Lady O'Donnell, would influence her husband to accept the Queen's proposals.

But Elizabeth's courier traveled not so swiftly, or so secretly, but that Shane heard of his mission—heard, too, that O'Donnell and his lady were likely to accept of their new and dishonorable dignities. Then Shane swore a mighty oath that there should be no king but O'Neill in Ulster; that no chieftain of the North should sell himself to a foreign prince for such tinsel trappings; yea, by the Red Hand of O'Neill, he swore that the neck of O'Donnell should never be yoked by the golden chain of an English earl, or that of his fair lady by the cast-off jewels of an English queen. Hot on the word of wrath, O'Neill made an eagle swoop down on O'Donnell, whom he found, with his wife and a few attendants, sojourning at the monastry of Killodennell, and tore away Calvagh and his wife to his castle of Benburb. O'Neill had an old feud with this O'Donnell, who had inflicted a severe defeat on him a short time before. Here now was vengeance, and Shane was not the man to let its bolt fall harmless. For the chain of gold which Calvagh had hoped to wear was now substituted a grim one of iron in the dungeon of Benburb, while in the high hall of the castle his Scottish lady, light of faith, donned, not the bride jewels of Queen Elizabeth, but the love gifts of Shane O'Neill. Doubtless this wild and haughty Shane deemed that the one decoration was no whit more ignoble than the other, and that the mistress of O'Neill was never a more lost and fallen creature than the bribed and bought up minion of Elizabeth. O'Donnell was set free after two years' cruel confinement, but his wife remained behind as part of the spoils of war—a willing captive at the court of the fiery prince of Ulster. O'Neill has been justly censured for this unruly act, which had in it a touch of the quality of Attila, the Hun.

But much needless sympathy has been wasted by writers on this Calvagh O'Donnell, who is generally represented as a saintly hero-martyr, while Shane is held up to the world as an ogre and a bluebeard. There is, at least, a word to be said on the other side. This Calvagh O'Donnell, who was, by the way, the grandfather of that Nial Garv who betrayed Red Hugh, had imprisoned his own father in order to wrest from him the chieftaincy of Tyrconnell. He had his father in captivity at the very time that he himself lay in the dungeon of Benburb; and notwithstanding the old man's years and infirmities, less merciful even than Shane, he cruelly kept him in durance until he died. It should be noted that Shane, took the part of the deposed chief, and a son of his was in O'Neill's army. Moreover, on the very day that Shane swept down on O'Donnell and his wife and bore them away to his eyrie at Benburb, the army of Calvagh O'Donnell was away in Glen Veagh waging war on his own father's sons, who were out fighting the battle of their imprisoned parent. The moment O'Donnell was set free he introduced the first English invaders into Derry, and turned St. Columb's cathedral into a powder magazine for the use of the garrison. But Shane killed the commander in single combat, and blew up the cathedral, garrison and all. No doubt he repented him then that when he had Calvagh in the vault at Benburb he did not keep him there. Shortly afterwards, however, Calvagh dropped dead from his horse in the midst of his cavalry—a fate which the Irish ascribed to the judgment of God. As for Calvagh's faithless wife, "the Countess of Argyle," she fared finally as we shall see. O'Neill led his troops into Leinster and Munster, and wasted the territory of the English Pale, whereupon the Lord Deputy marched into Tyrone with a numerous army and returned the compliment by robbing O'Neill's people. But Shane lay in wait for them in a woodland pass, fell upon them ax and skene, defeated them with great slaughter, and retook all the booty.

Then Sussex, the Lord Lieutenant, having obtained fresh reinforcements from England, led another and greater army against the lion in his lair. This might be called the Army of the Earls, for besides the Earl of Sussex and his English soldiers, there came to this hosting, with all their rising out, the powerful Earls of Desmond, Ormond, Kildare, Thomond and Clanricard—Fitzgeralds, Butlers, Burkes and O'Briens, with wight swordsmen, lusty horsemen and warriors of name, each and all. But like the French king who marched up the hill and then marched down again, this magnificent army marched into Tyrone and then marched back, without effecting anything of note [illegible] the chivalry of the Pale dared not follow him. Then Sussex, finding that he could not conquer the Prince of Ulster by the sword, hired an assassin to murder him, with the connivance of Queen Elizabeth. The name of this assassin was Nele Gray, and the letter to Queen Elizabeth in which the Lord Lieutenant elaborates this atrocious plot is still to be seen in the State Paper office. It concludes thus: "In fine, I brake with him to kill Shane, and bound myself by my oath to see him have a hundred marks of land to him and his heirs for reward. He seemed desirous to serve your highness, and to have the land, but fearful to do it, doubting his own escape after. I told him the ways by which he might do it, and how to escape after with safety, which he offered and promised to do." Then follows a dark sentence which assures the queen that if the murderer fails he will himself be slain, and that others will be found to do the work of death.

It did not disturb the slumbers of this virgin queen when she laid her head at night on her peaceful pillow; nor did it cloud her brow when she walked abroad "in maiden meditation, fancy-free," to know that the red knife of Nele Gray was at the throat of the Prince of Ulster, that the blade of her hired assassin was waiting to drink his heart's blood while he slept, or to stab him in the back as he went his ways. Assassination was the last, often the first, resource of English civilization in those days. Sussex and his royal mistress were no more ashamed of the murderer's knife than they were of the horse, foot and artillery. It was an effective arm of the service; it was cheap, but it was not always sure. Probably Nele Gray lost his head for his incompetence, for he never succeeded in murdering Shane O'Neill. We next hear of Shane at the court of Elizabeth, to which he proudly repaired as an independent sovereign prince, attended by his bodyguard of gallowglasses with their saffron tunics, their jacks of thrums studded with brass nails, their short cloaks, shagged about the neck with fringe of thrums, their curled locks flowing on their shoulders, and in their sinewy hands their keen-edged battle-axes—an artonishment to the burghers of London and Westminster, and to the perfumed gallants of Elizabeth's court. Elizabeth was struck by the fine presence and haughty port of O'Neill. Possibly the red-haired lioness recognized in him a kindred spirit. Be that as it may, she received him graciously—permitted him, as Mitchel tells us, to "scorn her peerages and defy her power;" granted him everything that he asked for, and only besought him to become her friend. The chivalrous O'Neill accepted her offer, and entered into a compact of friendship and alliance with Elizabeth which finally cost him his head. At her request he undertook a war of extermination against the Scots of the Antrim Glens. He defeated them in two battles; at the second one, in Glenfiesk, he killed James, their chief, and carried off Sorley, of the Yellow Hair, in chains.

It would be long to tell how Shane's friends, incited by his faithless allies, deserted him one by one; how north and south, east and west, the native chieftains rose against him; how Sussex concentrated against him the whole power of England; and how he was reduced at last to such extremity that, rather than surrender to the hated English foe, he resolved to seek an alliance with the Scots. Shane sent home the yellow-haired Sorley as a peace offering to his clan and kin, and went to treat with the Macdonnells in their camp at Glendun. He was received with seeming friendship, and a great banquet was made in his honor. But while they feasted and made merry, at a preconcerted signal given by one Gillespie, the Macdonnells rushed into the tent, fell on Shane with their dirks, and cut him down with a hundred wounds. By his side fell his mistress, the widow of O'Donnell; and his guard of fifty horsemen, scattered through the camp, and taken unawares, were butchered to a man. The body of Shane was wrapped in a kerne's old yellow shirt and thrown into a pit in a ruined chapel close by. Four days afterwards it was decapitated and buried in Cushendun, where the grave of Shane O'Neill is still shown by the country people. The head, "pickled in a pipkin," was given to one Capt. Pierce, an Englishman, who had instigated and planned this base murder, and who received for it from the Lord Deputy a reward of a thousand marks. The head of the chieftain was gibbetted on a pole, sent before the Deputy in triumph, and set up on the highest tower of Dublin Castle. Thus miserably perished Shane the Proud, the greatest Irishman of his day, the Cuchullin of the sixteenth century, a man who, with only the fighting forces of his small territory, had not only crushed, conquered and subdued the native foemen by whom he was surrounded, but for long years defeated and defied the most powerful sovereign and the first nation then in the world, in wealth, arts and arms. Slain by false friends and treacherous allies, may the sod lie lightly on his gallant breast in his grave at Cushendun!

Shane was a good hater. He once hanged an Irish soldier for eating English biscuit; he had a fortified house on an island which he christened Feogh-na-Gall—hate of the invader. He was also a man of princely hospitality and of princely charity. He kept in the cellar of his castle at Dundrum two hundred tuns of wine for the entertainment of his guests. He gave daily alms in the most lavish and kingly fashion; and Campion, who was a contemporary and and enemy, relates of him that—sitting at meats, before he put one morsel into his mouth, he used to give a portion above the daily alms, and send it royally to some beggar at the gate, saying 'it was meete to serve Christ first.' Thus the proud Prince of Ulster humbled himself daily unto the poorest captain of all, but never to his fellow-mortal other.

Some twenty years later [illegible] and most illustrious [illegible] ablest general, the wisest [illegible] most skillful diplomat [illegible] truest patriot, and the most [illegible] champion that Ireland had seen in [illegible] days; a man of culture, too, delighting in the society of scholars and poets; a light in the council, a courtier in the hall, a lion on the field—a giant everywhere! A hero chivalrous, magnanimous and humane, whose high [illegible] was never sullied by a single act of [illegible] elty, baseness or dishonor. This [illegible] man found Ireland broken and [illegible] bered, at a lower ebb of her fortunes than she had ever reached even in the days of Shane; torn by internal [illegible] and dissension, the hand of every [illegible] tain against his neighbor and the [illegible] hand of England against all. Yet he gathered together the scattered embers of the national life and lighted them up into such a blaze of glory as dazzled and astonished Europe, and struck England pale with terror and for years prostrate with defeat.

During the nine years in which Hugh and the chieftains of the North waged war on Queen Elizabeth and her armies, laying siege to walled towns, storming forts and castles, marching up and down the country, fighting, watching and warding at all points, now in a death grapple with the English enemy, now punishing slippery Irish chieftains, and sternly bringing them back to duty and obedience; fighting such great pitched battles as Clontibret, Drumfidich, the proud day of the Curlew Mountains, the famous field of the Yellow Ford; hurling back royal armies in ruin and defeat, and killing such renowned generals as Clifford, Bagnal, the Earl of Kildare and Lord Deputy Borough—this Hugh O'Neill and his Ulster chieftains never lost a battle—unless the last. How this Great O'Neill died in exile at Rome, old and blind; how his broad lands were confiscated and divided among strangers and enemies in a sad and pathetic ending to a career of Homeric heroism, whose high deeds of chivalry and valor revive, in the cold light of modern history, the legendary glories of the Red Branch Knights, Sir Phelim O'Neill—Phelimy Roe—who raised the standard of revolt in 1641, and took all Ulster in a week; and whose name rests under a mountain of calumny, deserves more than a passing notice. But it would require a paper—or indeed a volume—for his vindication; for his struggles, his enterprises, his love-making, which was sadder and more romantic than that of Emmet; for the lights and shadows of that brave, stirring, valiant life, which he laid down at last for Ireland and honor. On the same historic page with stout Sir Phelim lives and moves a greater, a more glorious, a more heroic figure—the figure of an Irish Fabius, Owen Roe O'Neill—the figure of the Spanish-bred victor of Benburb, in whose soldier hand flashes the puissant sword of the great Hugh, solemnly blessed by the Vicegerent of Christ and sent to him with most noble greeting; on whose shoulders rests, as it should, the mantle of liberty, all blood-soaked, rent and torn, but glorious still, which was laid down by Ireland that dark day at Kinsale; on whose sword rests once more, as of old it so oft had rested on the blade of an O'Neill, the old, grand cause that can never die.

This great man would have won the independence of his country before ever Cromwell set his foot in Ireland but for the disunion and jealousy of Irishmen

[CONTINUED ON THE FIFTH PAGE.]

M'KINLEY INDORSED.

GLOOM OF THE BIG CONVENTION AT SPRINGFIELD.

Prairie State Republicans Shelve Their Senior Senator's Boom and with Great Enthusiasm Declare for the Major—Cullom Man Moves to Make It Unanimous, Which Is Done with Acclaim.

SPRINGFIELD, May 1.—Illinois has no favorite son of the Republican persuasion; at least she has none that she wants to put forward for presidential honors this year. Even Senator Cullom practically admits this, for he it was stated authorized a motion by one of his friends that the indorsement of William McKinley, of

JOHN R. TANNER.

Ohio, be by acclamation. At any rate that is the way the indorsement was made—by very enthusiastic acclamation, too.

At Wednesday's session John R. Tanner received the nomination for governor on the first ballot and W. A. Northcott was nominated for lieutenant governor. The first thing when the convention reassembled in session yesterday was the filling of the ticket down to and including attorney general.

This was done, the contest being decidedly spirited, with the following result: Secretary of state, James A. Rose; auditor, James S. McCullough; treasurer, Henry L. Harte; attorney general, E. C. Akin. Then came what was to be the tug of war, but what was in fact "too easy" for one of the contestants—the question of instructions. Fuller offered the following resolution: "That the delegates elected by this convention to the national convention at St. Louis be instructed to present and support the Hon. Shelby M. Cullom for president." This raised the roof, in the matter of applause, which was unanimous for five minutes.

The Great Issue Made Up.

Fuller spoke to his resolution, with much eloquence telling why Illinois should stand by Shelby M. Cullom. Sol Bethea, of Lee county, then moved that the name of William McKinley be substituted for that of Cullom. Then the McKinleyites got in their lung work and made it wild and uproarious for four minutes solid time. W. J. Calhoun spoke in favor of this and pointed McKinley in glowing colors. "William McKinley," he shouted, "is the leading issue of the hour." The opposition cheering was removed on his request to speak. Delegates and visitors in the galleries got upon the chairs, threw their hats in the air and yelled like madmen.

Madden of Chicago offered an amendment in the following words: "And in case the Hon. William McKinley fails to be nominated the delegates-at-large from Illinois to the national convention be instructed to express their confidence in the ability of Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, or W. B. Allison, of Iowa, and that either would be acceptable as the standard bearer of the party." This raised principality objections. Some more speeches were made and debate closed. A motion to lay the resolution on the table was lost and the temper of the convention was indicated in the vote.

CULLOM FORCES SURRENDER.

Move to Make It Unanimous for McKinley—Women on the Ticket.

It was so plainly McKinley that a motion came from the Cullom side—said to have been prompted by Cullom himself—that the resolution indorsing McKinley be adopted by acclamation. Upon hearing this motion from the Cullom forces the McKinley followers broke out again. Martin B. Madden, in behalf of the delegates from Cook county, seconded the motion, which was put and carried with the wildest scenes of enthusiasm.

When the uproar following the adoption of the McKinley resolutions had ceased the committee on delegates-at-large reported the names of E. W. Patterson, editor of the Chicago Tribune; William Penn Nixon, editor of The Inter Ocean; Joseph W. Fifer, of Bloomington, and R. W. Littler, of Springfield. Samuel Raymond, of Chicago, offered a minority report substituting the names of ex-Governor Richard J. Oglesby for that of D. T. Littler, and that of Mayor Swift in place of William Penn Nixon. The convention agreed to drop Littler, but retained The Inter Ocean man. So that ex-Governor Oglesby is one of the delegates-at-large.

Alternates are as follows: C. M. Pepper and J. W. Ellsworth, of Chicago; Fremont P. Chapman, Johnson county, and the Rev. Jordan Chavis (colored), Quincy. The presidential electors-at-large are: Rabbi E. G. Hirsch, of Chicago, and Hon. Horace D. Clark, of Metropolis.

The following are the state university trustees nominated: Mrs. Mary Turner Carriel, Jacksonville; F. M. McKay, Chicago; T. J. Smith, Champaign.

The platform is a standard Republican declaration. It approves the Monroe doctrine, expresses sympathy for the Cuban rebels, denounces the Democratic administration, stands for "sound money" (as per the plank printed yesterday), demands tariff protection, favors the amendment of the state constitution so that three amendments may be voted on at one election, arraigns Governor Altgeld, and favors a state constitutional amendment to permit the enactment of laws to regulate the relations of capital and labor.

Dr. Horn's Extradition Refused.

LONDON, May 2.—The extradition of Dr. Cornelius Horz, the Panama lobbyist, who has been under arrest at his home at Bournemouth at the instance of the French government for over three years past, and who at the time of his arrest and ever since has been lying in bed ill with diabetes and heart disease, was definitely refused Saturday.

GASOLINE'S DEADLY WORK.

Explosion at Cincinnati Which Kills Half a Dozen People.

CINCINNATI, May 3.—At 8 o'clock last night the five-story building at 430 and 432 Walnut street, between Fourth and Fifth streets, was blown to the ground by an explosion of gasoline. The shock was so terrific that it was felt all over the city, and not one brick upon another is left in the front and rear walls of the building, while the adjacent buildings are badly damaged and the glass in the windows in the Gibson House and the large Johnson building across the street were all broken. The glass was broken out of street cars that were passing at the time and one of the cars was badly wrecked, but none of the passengers were seriously hurt. All the horses in the immediate neighborhood broke from their fastenings and ran away, and there was not only intense excitement but also the greatest confusion. The explosion took place four doors from the intersection of Fifth and Walnut streets, where the postoffice is located on one side and Fountain square on the other.

LATER.—The complete list of dead and wounded has been ascertained earlier than expected. The family of Adolph Drachs suffered most severely. Drachs and his wife are numbered among the dead, his 5-year-old boy is believed to be dying. Noland Davis, a traveling man for the Columbia Carriage company, of Hamilton, O., and two others unidentified complete the list of those known to be dead. Eighteen are wounded and seven missing.

Among the injured are: Sid. Johnson, barkeeper, arm broken; Billy Cook, arm broken; Barbara Huttleson, leg broken; Joseph Memmel, not serious; Harry Harwick, cut on the head; Fred Healy, arm and shoulder; Motorman Steffel; Joseph Sprague, porter: Conductor Fellard; — Fisher; — Huron; William Lauth; William Lobeide; H. E. Hunwick, bookkeeper; S. S. Wells, clerk; W. D. Crosbey, paperhanger; Willard E. Cook, clerk; J. D. Ward, racehorse man, of Toledo, O.

Among the missing who are believed to be in the ruins are: R. A. Fricke, of Norwood: Joseph Worthner, barkeeper; Louis Fey, wife and baby; also two servant girls in the families of Fey and Drachs.

TOWN IS NO MORE.

Cripple Creek Has Another Fire Accompanied with Loss of Life.

CRIPPLE CREEK, April 30.—This place has again been the sport of the flames and at this writing the fire has burned itself out and there is not a building left standing in the business section of the city; only a few residences on the outskirts remain, and thousands are homeless. But this latest blaze has the additional horror of loss of life, one person being known to have perished while nearly a score have been wounded, some perhaps fatally.

Buildings in advance of the fire were blown up in a futile attempt to check its speed. All about the burning blocks the streets were jammed. Charges of fifty pounds and more of powder were put in. One explosion threw debris high into the air and its falling felled men right and left. When the smoke cleared away the streets were covered with men unable to rise. Others rushed to their assistance. Before the unfortunates could be dragged back a second charge went off and half a dozen other men were added to the list. The crowd surged forward and all were taken away as the flames began to consume the building.

George Griffith's head was blown nearly off and he died in half an hour. The others, while seriously hurt, may all recover.

SHAH OF PERSIA ASSASSINATED

Caught by His Slayer as He Was Entering a Shrine and Shot.

LONDON, May 2.—A dispatch from Teheran, Persia, announcing that the shah had been assassinated has been confirmed. It appears that he was just entering the shrine of Shah Abdul Azim when a Sayyid from Kerman sprang forward and shot him, instantly killing him. The assassin was arrested. Nasier-Ed-Din, the shah of Persia, was born April 24, 1829, and succeeded to the throne on Sept. 10, 1848, on the death of his father.

It is known that the shah was arranging for a great celebration of his accession on May 6. At the Persian legation in this city the opinion is expressed that the murder was the deed of a fanatic, and was not the outcome of an especially designed movement. But according to a dispatch which has been received here from Teheran, via St. Petersburg, the assassin was a member of the Babi secret society; a criminal association which has hitherto made attempts upon the shah's life with a shot from a revolver.

DROWNED HERSELF AND BABES.

Awful Deed of a Wife Who Had Trouble with Her Husband.

STURGEON BAY, Wis., May 3.—A sensation was created in this city last evening by the announcement that Mrs. F. X. Sailer, the wife of a business man, had drowned her two children and then committed suicide by the same method. The woman had gone down the bay shore a distance of three miles from here and had evidently walked out into the bay with her children and held them under the water until life was extinct, after which she lay down and deliberately suffered herself to drown.

A fisherman coming from his nets discovered the bodies floating in the water and immediately reported the matter to the city authorities, who went to the scene. They found the children, aged 4 and two years, upon the shore, while the mother's body was out about sixty feet. Family troubles is the supposed cause of the suicide.

Street Car Strike at Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, May 4.—A strike of the 900 employes of the Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Co., was inaugurated last night, and as each car was run into the barns motorman and conductor left it not to return until the demands of the union for increased pay, recognition of the employes' organization, and several minor concessions are granted. The Electric Railway Co. has seen that a strike was to occur and has been quietly arranging to fill the strikers' places.

Up to midnight 100 special policemen had been sworn in, and more will go on duty today. The sheriff will have a large force of special deputies on duty.

There is excitement at Verona, Ont., over an oil find. A New York company struck coal oil after boring 1,900 feet.

SCOTT JACKSON ON THE STAND.

He Admits Everything, Except Murder, Either by Complicity or Intention.

NEWPORT, Ky., May 1.—Only one witness was examined in the Pearl Bryan murder trial and he was Scott Jackson. All forenoon and afternoon, with very little questioning, he told how he did not murder Pearl Bryan and how Walling must have done the whole thing himself. His statement admitted his partnership in the scheme which brought Pearl Bryan to Cincinnati for an unlawful purpose, and also an active complicity with Walling in dropping the murdered girl's clothing into the Ohio river. He told briefly of his acquaintance with Pearl Bryan. He was in Greencastle from the spring of 1895 until the middle of October of that year and saw Pearl Bryan often. He admitted illicit relations with her during the last Christmas holidays.

Jackson stated that he did not know Pearl Bryan was in Cincinnati till Tuesday, Jan. 28, when he received a note from her at the dental college, inviting him to visit her. All the testimony of the witnesses — Mrs. Weeks, the spiritual medium; Mr. Pinkard, who saw him and Walling, with Pearl Bryan on College street the day before the murder, and of Forstmeyer, who saw him in Kentucky with the girl shortly before, he emphatically branded as untrue.

He admitted taking Pearl Bryan to Wallingford's saloon in the tenderloin district, but says it was on Tuesday night, Jan. 28, instead of Friday, Jan. 31, the night before the murder, as testified by Wallingford. He said Walling agreed to relieve the girl secretly, and when all was over and she was fit to be returned home would turn her over to the witness. He says he took her valise—the one afterward found stained inside with blood—carried it to his room on Tuesday afternoon, tried to return it on Wednesday, but could not find Walling, to whom he intended to give it.

He said that on Saturday night of the day the body was found he and Walling dropped some clothing into the river which Walling, without further explanation, told him was unsafe to keep in their room. When he made inquiry about the matter Walling told him to ask no questions. When called upon to explain why he participated in hiding Pearl Bryan's clothing he said he was actuated by fear that the part he had taken to bring her here to save Will Wood might implicate him.

FIGHT ON IN THE CONFERENCE.

Preliminaries Take Place and the Battle Likely to Rage Hotly.

CLEVELAND, May 5.—The advocates and opponents of the proposition to admit women delegates were pitted against each other yesterday in the Methodist general conference in what will probably be a decisive battle. The committee of thirty-one on eligibility sent a majority report in favor of the women and a minority report. These were debated warmly and will be further considered. Each side claims success. The standing committee organized in the afternoon and will be in session every afternoon during the conference. The women delegates now sitting offered in a long paper to give up their seats in the interest of peace, but the offer was not accepted. The contest will undoubtedly be a warm one.

The thirteen standing committees and the special committee on Epworth League have completed permanent organization. Of them are the committees which will consider the advisability of having more bishops, and that which will make a recommendation on the proposition to mitigate the severity of the rule governing the itinerancy of ministers. Bishop Foss said to the Associated Press agent: "I believe that more of the bishops than not think our number should be increased by three or four. The minority, however, is very strong. My idea, if more bishops are chosen, is not to make bishops of India, China, Africa, etc., but to give them bishops in a general sense."

Rev. A. F. Kolasewski, pastor of the Independent Polish Catholic church of the Immaculate Heart of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and also the head of the Independent Polish movement in the United States, has approached Chaplain McCabe with a proposition to turn his church with its congregation to the Methodist denomination.

Increase of the Public Debt.

WASHINGTON, May 2.—The monthly statement of the public debt issued by the treasury shows that on April 30 the debt, less cash in the treasury, was $943,227,670, an increase for the month of $5,945,417. This is accounted for in part by a decrease of $1,556,067 in the amount of cash in the treasury and an increase of nearly $5,000,000 in the amount of bonds delivered under the last sale.

Popular Win on the British Turf.

LONDON, May 2.—On the closing day of the races at Newmarket for the 1,000 guineas stakes there were nineteen starters; distance, one mile 11 yards. Thais, owned by the Prince of Wales, won. The victory of the Prince of Wales' horse was the signal for an outburst of popular enthusiasm.

Kruger Is Merciful.

PRETORIA, April 30.—President Kruger has announced that he will set aside the sentence of hanging in the cases of the four members of the Uitlander reform committee, but has not decided what punishment he will impose.

Matabeles Leave Buluwayo.

LONDON, May 4.—Earl Grey, who is at Buluwayo, has telegraphed here that the Matabeles have retired from that place, and the road to Mangwe is clear.

Booth-Tucker Summoned by His Wife.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Commander Booth-Tucker has received a telegram from his wife, who is ill in San Francisco, asking him to come there at once.

THE DEATH RECORD.

JAMES MITCHELL, chairman of the New York Stock exchange for many years, at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Captain THOMAS BALL, sheriff of Iron county, at Crystal Falls, Mich.

Mrs. CYNTALA SMITH, one of the oldest residents of Marshall county, Ind.

PHILIP D. BORDEN, widely known in textile circles at Fall River, Mass.

M. R. FAY, for many years city clerk of Peoria, Ills.

Mrs. KATE STOKES STETSON, widow of the late theatrical manager, at Boston, Mass.

TIMOTHY ANGLIN, ex-speaker of the Dominion house, at Toronto.

Commander FELIX MCCURLEY, U. S. N., captain of the League island navy yard, at Philadelphia.

THE PRAIRIE STATE.

NEWS OF INTEREST TO THE PEOPLE OF ILLINOIS.

Telegraphic Items Received from Various Portions of the State Which Will Let the Readers Know What Is Going On—Crimes, Casualties and Other Matters.

CHICAGO, May 1.—Three footpads, heavily armed and threatening death to their victims if resistance was offered, maintained a reign of terror on Milwaukee avenue viaduct, near Fulton street, shortly before midnight Thursday night. They held up and robbed four wayfarers in less than fifteen minutes. The first victim was a Pole; he had 25 cents and the highwaymen got it. Then another man yielded his watch and chain. Charles Hamilton, 133 West Ohio street, was stopped next, and his watch, chain, hat, coat, vest and shoes were taken. A fourth victim was mulcted out of $40, and the robbers left the scene. The robbed men, in the order of their misfortunes, hastened to the Kinzie street bridge, and Daniel Riggio, the tender, sent in a call for the police, but too late to cause any arrests. Only one of the victims gave his name.

Quarreled Over a Woman.

MINONK, Ills., May 1—Ben Huffman and Isaac Jones, both colored, quarreled about a woman Thursday. Jones knocked Huffman down, cut his throat from ear to ear with a dirk and also stabbed him a number of times in the back, inflicting fatal wounds. Alderman Stoneman attempted to secure Richard Clark as a witness to the tragedy. Clark drew a revolver and shot at Stoneman and into a crowd on the street, fortunately hitting no one. He also shot at Herman Mells, the bullet passing through Mell's sleeve. Jones and Clark were finally taken to jail at Metamora.

Dick and Molly Not Married.

TUSCOLA, Ill., May 4.—About two weeks ago Miss Mary Monahan, the 16-year-old daughter of P. H. Monahan, a prominent Arcola merchant, suddenly disappeared from home. At the time of her disappearance her sweetheart, Dick Gassway, was also missing and it was thought they had eloped. Both were found in this city, but they were not married. The girl was found at the home of John Bailey, who claims she came to his house and asked for shelter and he took her in.

Blood Poison from a Toadstool.

MASCOUTAH, Ills., May 4.—Mrs. Mary Smith of Belleville was gathering mushrooms one day this week and accidentally took up a toadstool and crushed it in her hand. Unthoughtedly she touched an open scratch on her face with her hand and blood poison set in two days later. Her face was badly swollen and she died in agony Friday night.

Attempt to Rob at a Fire.

QUINCY, Ill., May 2.—During the progress of the fire here Thursday night a bold attempt was made to steal $5,000 worth of diamonds from jewelry stock in the threatened district. The attempt miscarried and the perpetrators are under arrest. The total loss by the fire amounts to $140,000.

Murder of a Farm Hand.

BROOKLYN, Ills., May 4.—Ben Ladd, a farm hand in the employ of John Brady, was found near the road side half a mile north of this place with a bullet in his left breast. The murder is a mystery. Shots were heard by neighbors. Ladd was returning home from church.

Supposed to Have Been Murdered.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., May 4.—The body of Isam Channels, aged 23, white, married (wife and two children), was found near the Wabash railroad tracks at an early hour in the morning, supposed to have been murdered some time Saturday night.

Chicago Iron Workers Strike.

CHICAGO, May 2.—About 300 structural iron workers employed principally on the various elevated roads in course of construction struck yesterday for an increase of wages, as it was stated that they would do in these dispatches yesterday.

Furnace Shut Down.

MOLINE, Ills., May 1.—Furnace No. 2 at the Union Malleable Iron works closed Friday for the season, throwing 100 men out of employment. The works have been running full handed since last August.

State Notes.

Walter Henning, recently from Brightwood, Ind., was drowned in the Kaskaskia river, near Vandalia, Ills.

The Illinois division of the T. P. A., at a meeting at Peoria, elected Warren Sutliff president and Frank H. Putnam secretary, both of Peoria.

A house in Tenth street, Waukegan, Ills., is firmly believed to be haunted by people of that town.

Deputy Sheriff Sloane, of Danville, Ills., is holding Eugene Mitchell awaiting advices from Weir City, Kan., where Mitchell, according to his own story, killed a man.

Professor Adelman, of Alton, Ills., has been indicted for embezzlement and forgery.

Macon county, Ills., Democracy has declared for Altgeld and free silver.

Lecount C. Price, a Chicago Great Western freight conductor, was killed outright by his train at Sycamore, Ills.

The expenses of the thirteen charitable institutions of Illinois are shown by the records of the state board of charities to aggregate $288,812 for the three months ended March 31.

Gresham Rests with His Comrades.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—The remains of General Walter Q. Gresham arrived here Saturday accompanied by the wife and son of the late secretary of state. They were reinterred in Arlington cemetery among the comrades of his army career. President Cleveland, and Secretaries Lamont, Olney, Carlisle and Herbert, General Miles and Pension Commissioner Lochren were present. Eight soldiers were the coffin bearers and at the end an army bugler sounded "taps."

Suicide of a Traveling Man.

BUFFALO, May 5.—George H. Osborne of Wellsville, N. Y., and Bloomdale, O., shot and killed himself at the Hotel Broezel. Osborne was a traveling man for the firm of Very & Osborne of Wellsville and also was an operator in gas and oil lands in the vicinity of Bloomdale. He is supposed to have committed suicide while in a state of insanity caused by business troubles.

NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

Synopsis of Proceedings in Both Houses of Congress.

WASHINGTON, May 1.—The senate spent another day on the naval appropriation bill without completing it. Gorman further opposed the item of four battleships and expressed the opinion that the appropriations already made would consume the balance in the treasury. Allen made a speech of over three hours arraigning the two old parties.

The general debate on the bankruptcy bill was continued and concluded in the house. Today the bill will be open to amendment under the five-minute rule and the final vote will be taken at 4 o'clock tomorrow. The friends of the measure are very sanguine that it will pass by a safe majority. Bailey of Texas gave notice that he would offer as a substitute his voluntary bankruptcy bill.

WASHINGTON, May 2.—The senate passed a bill granting $75,000 for the expenses of arbitrating the claims of British sealers against this country. Butler introduced a bill to make the Mexican and Japanese silver pieces of 371¼ grains of silver legal tender in this country, and said that if it was not passed he would advise North Carolina to pass a bill of that nature. The Gorman amendment cutting the number of battleships in the naval bill to two was adopted—31 to 27. Hill and Tillman occupied most of the session with a lively debate, in which Tillman again attacked the administration and declared he would bolt if the Chicago convention adopted a gold platform. It was agreed to vote finally on the naval bill before adjournment today.

The house put in the day on the bankruptcy bill. Bills were introduced to prevent Canadian labor from competing with our own and to prevent convict-made goods from competing with those made by free labor. At the evening session one private pension bill was favorably acted upon.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—The senate passed the naval appropriation bill substantially as it passed the house, the only important change being the reduction of the number of battleships to two. A committee amendment providing for thirteen torpedo boats was agreed to. The house had fifteen, but the speed was only twenty-six knots, which the senate has increased to thirty. An executive session was held.

The house passed the bankruptcy bill—157 to 81. The bill is the one called the Henderson bill, and has been before congress for several years. The bill appropriating $75,000 for the Behring sea seal arbitration was also passed.

WASHINGTON, May 5.—The senate first decided—29 to 31—to take up the Dupont case, but Mitchell protested and it was agreed to take it up after the river and harbor bill was completed. Then, the Puffer bond resolution being the unfinished business, Puffer refused to give way and the senate agreed with him—30 to 28—and Hill took the floor and spoke for two hours against the resolution, his speech being unfinished at adjournment.

In the house Boutelle began a speech in which he hauled the senate over the coals for talking war so much and then refusing to build four battleships, but was called to order and the point sustained by the speaker under the rule forbidding attacks on the senate on the floor of the house. He then moved to non-concur in the senate amendments to the naval bill. Sayers entered a motion to concur. Fletcher moved a resolution setting aside Wednesday, May 6 and 13, for private pension bills, but a quorum failed and the house adjourned.

Labor Day in Europe.

LONDON, May 1.—Labor day passed as quietly as usual here. The only incident out of the usual run was a gathering of socialists in Hyde Park. But the attendance was small, and there was nothing more than the disorder natural to such assemblages. Reports from other large European cities say everything was quiet.

Death of a Chicago Lawyer.

CHICAGO, May 5.—Samuel Baxter Foster, a prominent attorney of this city, died at 1:30 p. m. yesterday at Pass Christian, Miss.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, May 4.

Money on call nominally 1½ per cent; prime mercantile paper 4½@5½ per cent; sterling exchange steady, with actual business in bankers' bills at $4.87½@4.89 for demand and $4.84@4.84½ for sixty days; posted rates $4.86@4.89 and $4.87½@4.90; commercial bills, $4.83½@4.84.

Silver certificates, 65½@66½c; no sales; bar silver, 66; Mexican dollars, 49½.

United States government bonds firm; new 4's registered, 117½; do coupons, 117½; 5's registered, 112½; 4's coupons, 112½; 4's registered, 109½; 2's coupons, 100; 2's registered, 97½; Pacific 6's of '95, 102½.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, May 4.

The following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—May, opened 59½c, closed 60½c; June, opened 60½c, closed 61½c; July, opened 61½c, closed 61½c. Corn—May, opened 30c, closed 30c; July, opened 30½c, closed 30½c; September, opened 26½c, closed 27½c. Oats—May, opened 17½c, closed 17½c; June, opened 18½c, closed 19½c; July, opened 18½c, closed 19½c. Pork—May, opened $7.12½, closed $7.10; July, opened $7.18½, closed $7.07½. Lard—May, opened nominal, closed $4.75; July, opened $4.82½, closed $4.87½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 16c per lb; extra dairy 12½@13c; fresh packing stock 7c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 6½c per doz. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 8@10c per lb; chickens, hens, 5@6c; roosters, 3@5½c; ducks, 8@10c; geese, $4.50@5.00 per doz. Potatoes—Burbanks, 15@18c per bu; mixed, 12@15c. Sweet potatoes $1.60@2.00 per bbl. Apples—Fair to fancy, $2.00@2.50 per bbl. Cranberries—Jerseys, $3.00@7.00 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 12@14c per lb; broken comb, 9@10c; extracted, 5@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, May 4.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock Yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 30,000; sales ranged at $3.90@4.05 pigs, $3.40@4.05 light, $3.15@3.80 rough packing, $3.35@3.55 mixed and $3.80@3.45 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 17,000; quotations ranged at $4.35@4.65 choice to extra shipping steers, $3.90@4.35 good to choice do., $3.65@4.00 fair to good, $3.35@3.75 common to medium do., $3.25@3.60 butchers' steers, $2.90@3.65 stockers, $2.25@2.95 feeders, $1.85@3.50 cows, $2.65@4.00 heifers, $2.00@3.55 bulls, $2.25@4.00 Texas steers, and $3.60@4.75 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 17,000; sales ranged at $3.00@3.90 wethers, $3.60@3.60 Texans, $3.50@3.65 natives, and $3.50@4.00 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, May 4.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 61¾c; No. 1 northern, 64c; May, 61¾c. Corn—No. 3, 28½c. Oats—No. 3 white, 18½c; No. 2 do, 19@19½c. Barley—No. 2, 32½c; sample, 28@30c. Rye—No. 1, 37c.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, May 4.

Wheat—Cash white, 67½c; cash red 66½c; May, 66½c; July, 64½c; August, 61½c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday April 29.

Troops B and K of the Seventh United States cavalry bade farewell to Fort Sheridan yesterday morning and started by train for Arizona.

The Old Dominion line steamer Wyanoke fouled with the bow of the U. S. S. Columbia and sank in sixty feet of water. No one was lost with her.

The total of the river and harbor bill as reported to the senate is $12,624,550.

The body of a man, supposed to be John Bolt, was found in the Chicago river at the Twelfth street bridge. The body is that of a man 60 years of age and 5 feet 6 inches in height.

Of the 19,034,659 acres of land contained in Scotland, not quite 4,500,000 are in a state of cultivation.

Thursday, April 30.

James Jerod, a laborer 51 years old, shot and killed himself in his home at Chicago. He had been despondent.

Two gangs of tramps had a free-for-all fight in a box car on a Pennsylvania fast freight near Bucyrus, O., and several of the gang were thrown from the train, sustaining serious injuries.

Mrs. Lydia M. Peak has begun suit for divorce from William H. Peak, the organizer of the Peak family of Swiss bell ringers. The charge is non-support.

Tivoli's famous waterfalls are now utilized to provide electric power for lighting Rome. The power is conveyed eighteen miles over the wires, and in the day time is used to drive the street cars.

The Spaniards have captured the American schooner Competitor loaded with arms and ammunition for the Cuban rebels.

Friday, May 1.

Rev. Dr. Brown has resigned the pastorate of the First Congregational church, San Francisco, because the 34y conference disfellowshipped him on account of the Miss Overman scandal. His congregation protested, but he insisted on going.

The illness of the Russian czarowitz has taken a sudden turn for the worse.

The Republicans of Arizona have split on the McKinley question, but a majority of the delegates stayed in the hall and elected McKinley delegates to St. Louis and declared for free silver.

William Taylor, one of the miscreants who murdered the Meeks family in Linn county, Mo., was duly hanged yesterday at Carrollton. There was no turbulence. The sheriff did the hanging. The other brother, George, will be hanged—when he is caught again.

Howard Gould, before sailing for Europe, refused either to affirm or deny the report that he had married Katherine Clemmons, the actress.

Saturday, May 2.

Phylloxera has broken out among the vines in Uruguay.

Ex-Representative Bourke Cockran was seriously hurt by being run into while riding a bicycle at New York.

The total catch of seals in the North Atlantic for the season just closed was 227,000.

The German reichstag, by a vote of 200 to 29, has adopted a motion to prohibit options on grain and grain products on the exchange.

Governor Levi P. Morton will touch a button tonight in New York and a big magnet will be charged in Union square in San Francisco. This will also open the opening of the electrical exhibition in New York city.

The distress owing to the drought in the northwest provinces of India is unexampled. It is estimated that 200,000 persons are employed on relief work.

Cale Spurgeon, 30 years old, a farmer, shot and killed himself at Warsaw, Ind., on account of financial troubles.

Monday, May 4.

W. C. Bohannon, of St. Louis, is running for president with the Lord's Prayer as a platform.

An ex-alderman of Chicago is said to be recruiting a regiment in that city to help the Cuban rebels.

It is called an open secret at New York that McKinley men have obtained control of the New York Times.

George S. Coe, the well-known New York banker, is dead at his home in Englewood, N. J., from a stroke of apoplexy.

Eva Booth has sailed for England preliminary to taking charge of Salvation Army affairs in Canada.

The status to General Hancock at the national capital will be unveiled May 12, President Cleveland presiding and Senator Palmer making the oration.

A company said to have $50,000,000 capital is going to build a model manufacturing town between Orange and Elizabeth, N. J.

Tuesday May 5.

Rev. Dr. Nathan E. Wood, of Boston, has withdrawn from the Salvation Army Auxiliary League, because he has just found out that it is a military organization as to discipline.

The body of Fannie Kohout, 22 years old, who had been missing at Chicago since Friday, was found in the pond at Douglas park.

Henrietta Peters, 2½ years old, fell from the fourth flat of a building at Chicago and died two hours later.

Baron de Hirsch's will leaves $3,000,000 for charities to Moravia.

The four leading theatres of Denver gave performances for the benefit of the Cripple Creek sufferers. About $1,000 was netted.

Henry Acres, a farmer living south of Kokomo, Ind., was found dead in a field, with marks of violence on his body.

More

Medical value in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other preparation.

More skill, more care, more expense in manufacture. It costs proprietor and dealer

More but it costs the consumer *less*, as he gets more doses for his money.

More curative power is secured by its peculiar combination, proportion and process.

More wonderful cures effected, more testimonials, more sales and more increase.

Many more reasons why you should take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PIANO.

Chiffonier, your memory's failing—
You are older than I am.
In the days long past bewailing
You held gingerbread and jam,
Almonds, oranges and spices,
All as good as they could be;
Tiny plates with quaint devices
For the children's Sunday tea.

Chiffonier, of all your treasures
You retain no moldy crumb,
And I've lost my sweet old measures,
And my keys are chiefly dumb.
Yet when many memories mingle
Sometimes in the dead of night
With a faint, unearthly jingle
I awaken in affright.

Voices lost to mortal hearing
Murmur softly in the gloom.
There are children's faces peering
From the shadows of the room,
And I feel my faded curtain
Softly lifted. Who are these?
No chord sounds, yet I am certain
There are fingers on my keys—

They for whom a tall wax candle
In each polished sconce was set,
Singing Purcell, Bach and Handel,
Many a stately, staid duet.
They were tenor and soprano;
Pleasantly their voices rang.
No one but the old piano
Can remember what they sang.

Winter seems an earlier comer,
Yet some days of warmth we win.
Through the window in the summer
Looks the white cape jessamine.
Has the old plant ever spoken
Of the sprays that once were laid
On my shining cover oaken—
And she found them when she played?

On the lawn I still look over,
Where a footstep seldom falls.
There were joyous cries of "Rover!"
There were clashing croquet balls.
Dull and deaf the chiffonier is,
And he sleeps the whole day long,
But the old piano wearies
For the laughter and the song.

I am battered, I am dusty,
And my silk is dark with mold;
No one rubs my sconces rusty,
Tarnished now, that shone like gold.
The last breath of life is dwindling
From my numb and voiceless keys.
They may break me up for kindling
Just as quickly as they please.
—May Kendall in Longman's Magazine.

WITHOUT A LICENSE.

Nowadays all that is required to get married is a "he" and a "she" and the necessary license. Any one authorized by law can splice them without a question as to who or what they are, whether they possess anything or by what means they intend to support themselves or their children. That is the exact situation. Those matters are none of the officiating medium's business, nor is he in a position to hinder the couple, sometimes hardly out of their teens, from rushing straight into trouble and misery.

In times gone by things were altogether different and more care was taken. But then one may go too far in his care for the well being of hymeneal candidates, as the following narrative shall demonstrate.

In order to allay possible apprehensions on the part of our fair readers about the fate of the hero and heroine, and to save them the trouble to begin this little story of love and its trials at the end, let it be understood right here that in spite of seemingly insurmountable difficulties they reach the matrimonial haven in safety.

Our tale begins on a balmy morning in May, 178—, such a May morning as is seldom seen anywhere outside of the Rhine valleys in the Black forest.

The young and fair hostess of the inn of the Front Room, the famous and most popular hostelry in the ancient ducal borough of B——, was seated alone in the guestroom. Her plump figure was becomingly attired in a gown of navy blue, profusely braided and embroidered according to the fashion of the day, over which she wore a black silk apron. The graceful outlines of her bust showed to perfection in a velvet waist hung with silver chains, and on a table beside her reposed a magnificent lace cap.

No doubt the hostess sat there waiting for some one and had so elaborately bedecked herself to please the expected caller. Mistress Lisbeth—this was her name—was in a brown study. She was pondering. Her reverie led her thoughts back to the events of the previous year—the sudden death of her husband from phthisis shortly after their wedding, leaving her sole owner of the prosperous, much frequented inn; the improving of their opportunity by many making open or covert proposals for her hand and for the wealth whose possessor she so unexpectedly had become.

Though a widow, Lisbeth was still young and very fair to look upon, and almost all the eligible young men of B—— had done their best to capture her heart, hand and—money, and had failed alike in all.

The truth was that she had already lost her heart. About six months ago the playfellow of her youth, Francois, the son of neighbors in her native village across the Alsatian border, had come to B—— and found employment in a butcher shop. The two had again met, and though, under the circumstances, it cannot be termed love at first sight, it may have, just the same, been something very like it.

At any rate they loved and had agreed to get married as soon as the year of mourning was over, and this was the eventful day set for making application at the city hall to have the banns published.

At last a creaking of the door hinges roused Lisbeth from her reverie, and the impatiently looked for lover made his appearance. But his countenance was not wreathed in smiles; neither did he look like an expectant bridegroom whose dearest wish is about to be realized. He frowned, and, angrily throwing his new beaver hat on the floor, took a distant seat without the pleasant words of greeting she always used to hear from his lips.

Lisbeth felt deeply hurt, but said nothing.

Finally the young man, as if ashamed of his ill mannered behavior, exclaimed in a fitful tone:

"Oh, Lisbeth, we can never marry!"

"No? And, pray, why not?" she asked. "Are you tired of me?"

"Tired of you, Lisbeth? You know better than that. But haven't you heard the news? The council refuses to grant me citizen's rights and the marriage license. They are full of animosity toward you for refusing to wed one of their sons and for giving me, whom they are pleased to call a stranger and a vagabond, the preference. It is true I am an Alsatian, but I have as good a home as any of them, and it is but a couple of hours away from here, as they well know."

"So that is it?"

The resolute Lisbeth jumped up excitedly, her lovely face crimson as a June rose.

"Come! Let us to the city hall at once. We will see about it. If everything else fails, I think my godfather, the abbot of R——, will find a way to make them pliable."

The worthy burgomaster of B—— and the members of his council were assembled at the city hall when Lisbeth appeared, dragging her bashful Francois forcibly by the hand into their august presence.

"With your permission, mighty sirs," she began in her open, unhesitating way, poking him in the ribs as a gentle reminder that he looked sheepish, "with your permission, powerful masters, we appear before you to inform you that we intend to marry, and, what is more, to marry as soon as possible, wherefore we most humbly and dutifully pray the high and mighty council to grant us the necessary papers, and to be quick about it, for we have no desire to wait any longer than absolutely necessary. My homestead needs a master, as you all know. The young man by my side, a bachelor of good repute and law abiding, is my choice, and is better fitted for the position of host at the inn of the Front Room than any one else I know. He is a butcher by trade, young and strong, and, what is more, his brother across the border, owes in Alsace, owes him 1,000 guilders Rhenish, part of their father's estate, which he can collect in cash at any moment. Therefore, I can see, neither legally nor morally, anything to be said against my Francois, and I—well, why make many words? I love him, and I want him!"

A silence fell upon the assembled city fathers after this strange speech of the plucky little widow. At last the worthy burgomaster, a member of the worshipful Tanners' guild, broke the awkward pause, after deliberately helping himself to a plentiful supply of snuff from a silver tabatiere—a present of "his most great and all powerful mightiness" the reigning prince of the land—and passing the box to his colleagues.

"Highly honored friends and colleagues, and thou, honored and virtuous Mistress Lisbeth, thy desire is full of the Christian spirit of neighborly love and according to the laws of the land; in fact, it is reasonable—yea, more than that, it is necessary. Thou speakest truly. Thy establishment is sorely in need of a master's strong arm, and thou needest a husband. But is it absolutely necessary that it should be a stranger? Are there no young men of our town, sons of our worthy citizens, who are as fit to rule the destinies of the inn of the Front Room, and thine own as well, and who are but too willing to have thee for their lawful wife! Explain, worthy Mistress Lisbeth, why dost thou run after this tramp? Be advised by us. Marry one of our young men. But shouldst thou remain stubborn and wilt not be guided by our fatherly care for thy welfare, the consequences be on thy head, for I tell thee herewith, in the name of the citizens all, we dislike and disapprove of thy choice.

"The inn has for long generations been in possession of men who were citizens of our borough, and thus it shall remain. Even thyself art but a stranger, having gained the inn by marriage. Hence it is but just that nobody but the son of one of our citizens should again own it, and thou art herewith forbidden to marry yon vagabond. Collectively and individually, this council formally protests against it, and declines thy petition. That ends it."

Commendatory words rewarded the burgomaster at the end of this lucid expatiation, and the prince's snuffbox again made the round of the council table.

Lisbeth's ire had risen fast during this insulting speech. She began an angry remonstrance, but was quickly and considerately drawn toward the door and pushed out into the corridor by the city messenger (who was thoughtful of many a free drink at her bar) before she had a chance to further injure her cause by angry expostulations.

Not so Francois, the unfortunate groom, who had been terribly wrought up by the expressions of "tramp" and "vagabond" hurled at him. He suddenly sprang forward, stopped short in front of the burgomaster, and, shaking his fist in his face, exclaimed:

"And I say, you high and mighty citizens of B——, I'll marry her in spite of you and all your thick headed and crooked legged sons!"

The city fathers looked aghast at such impudence. The burgomaster threw his snuffbox with such force on the table that the dust rose in clouds from the official documents.

"Wretch!" cried he. "Wilt thou hold thy tongue, thou ill mannered Alsatian cur, thou vagabond? Immediately go and pay a fine of 1 guilder Rhenish into the city treasury for thy unparalleled insult offered to our citizens, and if thou tarriest here any longer I will have thee put into the dungeon and tortured until thou wilt show better manners."

This delivery was followed by general applause. Francois paid his fine and left, while the prince's snuffbox once more went from hand to hand.

On the Saturday following the narrated events a cabriolet and pair, driven by Francois, stopped in front of the lion of the Front Room. Lisbeth, dressed in her best Sunday finery, appeared, smiling good humoredly, and took her seat in the vehicle, which started off at a brisk trot. But the trip did not remain a secret. Somehow or other pretty soon everybody seemed to know that Mistress Lisbeth had gone to see her godfather, the abbot, to ask his interference in her and her lover's behalf.

However, the great council was wide awake and up to the emergency. As early as 1 o'clock the same afternoon the city hall bell called all the citizens, more than 100 men, together in a mass meeting.

The burgomaster presided. In a few concise words he explained the great danger that threatened all landed citizens of B—— by Mistress Lisbeth's treasonable plan, and the impression he made was so pronounced that before the princely box had made three rounds among the members of the council the following petition was drawn up to the government at D——:

"Petition, Remonstrance and Protest:

"We, the bailiff, the burgomaster, the great and the lower councils, also the entire citizenship of the ever loyal city of B——, herewith beg to state as follows: It is known to your high and mighty government that about a year ago the proprietor of the inn of the Front Room had suddenly died without the help or assistance of our city and county physicians. (Requiescat in pace!) The year of mourning having expired, the childless widow has had the audacity to fall in love with a good for nothing tramp and vagabond, an Alsatian, named Francois, a low bred, ill mannered butcher, and she actually has dared to ask our permission for a marriage with the fellow. All of which, if it pleases your high and mighty government, is against the interests of this city, where there are just 17 young and marriageable sons of landed citizens, every one of whom is ready and more than willing to be the husband of the aforesaid widow. We, therefore, deem it our duty to lay before your high, noble and mighty government and the learned and all powerful, wise and highly respected councilors this unwarranted, treasonable and unbecoming proceeding on the part of the said widow, and humbly ask you to interfere to send the tramp Francois back to Alsace and thus restore the peace and good will to this city.

"We subscribe ourselves, with undying loyalty, as your high and mighty government's humble servants."

A kind fate has kept the original of the above petition intact among the archives of the "ever loyal" city, giving proof of the sagacity, care and unselfishness of its citizens and council.

After the bulky document had been dispatched quiet was restored in the borough, and the good citizens congregated once more, as usual, in the guest room of the inn, where shrewd Mistress Lisbeth had ordered a "Metzelsuppe" of gigantic proportions to be served during her absence, which every one—burgomaster and council not excepted—enjoyed so hugely that on the following morning when his worship tried to help himself to a pinch of snuff he had to send to the inn for the princely box, having left it there the night before—from sheer forgetfulness, of course.

It would make interesting and profitable reading for jurists how the "high and all powerful" government at D—— disposed of the knotty question. To our sorrow and regret we have to disappoint them, for history has not handed down this important decision.

And the resolute Lisbeth and her Francois? How did they manage to enter the blissful conjugal haven?

We doubt not the abbot, her godfather, was a shrewd man, who knew a thing or two. Not far from the abbot's cloister, encircled by the silvery waters of the beautiful Rhine, there is located in the peaceful seclusion of the upper Black forest country, but in Swiss territory, a small cnym for conclusion, and many a lovesick couple, having vainly tried to overcome the obstacles interposed by parents or guardians, has taken refuge at the sheltering altar of its church, where many marriages have been solemnized that otherwise could not have taken place.

To this church the abbot sent his godchild, and there she and Francois were made one, while the good citizens of B—— were indulging too freely in the "Metzelsuppe."

All this is made evident by the entry in the books of the city treasury of B——, stating that on July 1, 178—, Francois ——, a butcher and proprietor of the inn of the Front Room, and his lawful wife, Lisbeth, had been fined 5 guilders Rhenish for getting married at the Church of —— without having first secured the consent of the council of B——, their legal abode.—From the French.

A Gladstone Interview.

An English paper tells an amusing story about an interview that the correspondent of an obscure provincial paper once said he had had with Mr. Gladstone. On a certain evening the correspondent was seated on the stairs leading from the peers' gallery, when Mr. Gladstone happened to come down stairs unobserved by him. As the correspondent blocked the way the Grand Old Man said to him politely, "Will you kindly let me pass?" The question at once suggested a brilliant idea to the newspaper man. He rushed to the telegraph office and sent this dispatch to his paper: "I had a somewhat brief but profoundly interesting conversation with Mr. Gladstone last evening, meeting the right honorable gentleman in the lobby," etc. Mr. Gladstone never denied the authenticity of the half column of conversation that followed.

Electrical Dentistry.

Electricity is now employed by dentists in extracting teeth. To the battery are attached wires. Two of them have handles at the end, while the third is attached to the forceps. The electricity is turned on suddenly, and the dentist simultaneously applies his forceps to the tooth. The instant the tooth is touched it as well as the surrounding parts becomes insensible to pain. A jerk and it is out.—Popular Science News.

THE IMPENETRABLE.

TREMENDOUS MAGNITUDE OF THE STARRY SYSTEM.

What We Know, What We Believe and What We Do Not Comprehend of Our Solar System—Considering Stupendous Distances by a Scale Greatly Reduced.

It is worth while making an effort to picture to ourselves the vast extent of the starry system in which we reside. Having gained some faint notion of the extent of the lesser solar system, which occupies a small corner of the stellar system, we must work outward from that beginning. Let us take for our unit of measurement the space which separates the earth from the sun, and let the 92,000,000 of miles of this distance be represented in our minds by a single inch. In proportion the sun itself must be pictured by a tiny ball less than one hundredth part of an inch in diameter, while our earth must be a mere speck, less than one ten-thousandth of an inch in diameter. And this little sun and this minute earth must be just on inch asunder.

Following out the same idea, Mercury and Venus, being closer to the sun than we are, have to be less than 1 inch away from him, while Jupiter will be 5 inches off, Saturn will be 10 inches off, Uranus will be over 19 inches off, Neptune will be almost 30 inches off. Then the solar system as a whole, leaving only out of the question certain comets which travel farther, will be inclosed in a circle less than 2 yards in diameter.

The question arises next, What will be the proportionate size of the stellar system on this same scale of measurement? If the solar system is to be comprised with a hoop not two yards across, how wide a space should we allow to the surrounding system of stars, "our universe?" How near will be the nearest of outlying stars? And the answer is sufficiently startling. If the sun is reckoned to be one inch away from our earth, if Neptune is reckoned to be less than three feet away from the sun, then, on the same scale, the star which lies closest of all outer stars in the whole universe to us, Alpha Centauri by name, must be reckoned as lying at a distance of about 3¼ miles. And between the two—nothing; at least nothing in the shape of a star. An occasional comet may lag slowly along in the darkness, finding its way from one sun system to another, and dark bodies, cooled suns, may possibly float here or there unseen by us, but of stars, radiant with heat and light, none is found in that wide area.

Astronomical writers sometimes talk of stars "in the vicinity" of the sun, and this is what is meant by "vicinity." Think of the distances implied. Our whole solar system is first brought down into a small circle, two yards across—every inch in those yards standing for more than 90,000,000 miles—and then, on every side and above and below, is an unoccupied void of 3¼ miles, every inch of those miles again representing more than 90,000,000 miles. And then we come upon one gleaming star. Only one quite so near. Another star in the sun's "vicinity," known as 61 Cygni, would lie at a distance of seven miles, and the brilliant Sirius would be over ten miles off. Others must be placed at distances of 20 miles, 50 miles, 100 miles. It is easy to start with a list of these figures. It is not easy to say where one should stop. That the starry system has limits we do not doubt, but to define those limits is not possible. On such a scale as is given above those limits certainly would not lie within a distance of 100 miles nor of 1,000 miles. It is believed that some dim stars, barely to be detected, may be 10,000 times as far away as our sun's nearest neighbor, Alpha Centauri, and this at once gives, even on our very much reduced scale, a line from the center of 35,000 miles. Suppose that the limits of the stellar system lay somewhere about there. Thirty-five thousand miles each way from the center would mean a diameter for the whole of 70,000 miles. Imagine a starry system 70,000 miles across from side to side, each inch in those miles representing 92,000,000 of real miles, and somewhere in the midst of it our small solar system, just two yards across, separated from all other stars by a wide blank of three or four miles.

That would be stupendous enough. But we have no reason whatever for supposing that the limits of our universe do lie there. The true boundaries of the stellar system may be twice as far, four times as far, ten times as far. We do not even know with certainty that our solar system is placed anywhere near its center, though this seems rather likely. Far off as the boundary reaches in one direction, it may reach much farther in another direction.—Agnes Giberne in Chambers' Journal.

The Law and the Lady.

Patient Man—Suppose a woman makes it so hot for her husband that he can't live with her and he leaves her, what can she do?

Lawyer—Sue him for support.

Patient Man—Suppose she has run him so heavily into debt that he can't support her because his creditors grab every dollar as quick as he gets it, besides ruining his business with their suits?

Lawyer—If for any reason whatever he fail to pay her the amount ordered he will be sent to jail for contempt of court.

Patient Man—Suppose she drives him out of the house with a flatiron and he's afraid to go back?

Lawyer—She can arrest him for desertion.

Patient Man—Well, I don't see anything for me to do but go hang myself.

Lawyer—It's against the law to commit suicide, and if you get caught attempting it you will be fined and imprisoned. Ten dollars, please. Good day.—New York Weekly.

LADY BURTON'S MARRIAGE.

How the Great Traveler's Wife First Met Her Daredevil Idol.

Lady Burton's marriage was more romantic than anything in fiction. It was "foretold," of course. To a woman of her mystical temperament and view of life that was almost a part of the ceremony. A gypsy woman wrote out her destiny in Romany. "You will bear the name of our tribe and be right proud of it. You will be as we are, but far greater than we. Your life is all wandering, change and adventure. One soul in two bodies in life or death, never long apart." The proof seemed to be in the impossibility. The name then borne by the woman who was to be "right proud" of her union with one of gypsy race *wps* Arundel, and the Arundels are of the oldest and proudest stock in England. But destiny kept the appointment. One day, when she and her family were at Boulogne, "the vision of her brain awakening" came toward them. "He was 5 feet 11 inches in height, very broad, thin and muscular. He had very dark hair; black, clearly defined, sagacious eyebrows; a brown, weather beaten complexion; straight Arab features; a determined looking mouth and chin nearly covered by an enormous mustache. I have since heard a very clever friend say 'that he had the brow of God, the jaw of a devil.' But the most remarkable part of his appearance was two large black, flashing eyes, with long lashes, that pierced you through and through. He looked at me as though he read me through and through in a moment and started a little. I was completely magnetized, and when we had got a little distance away I turned to my sister and whispered to her, 'That man will marry me.'"

All that followed was worthy of this opening. He made the first advances by chalking upon the wall, "May I speak to you?" considerately leaving the chalk hard by for the answer. It was unpropitious at first. "No, mother will be angry," but this was only another way of saying, "I shall be pleased," for "mother" herself had afterward to listen to this confession, "The moment I saw his brigand, daredevil look I set him up as an idol and determined he was the only man I would ever marry." Her cousins gave a dance to help matters, and "there was Richard, like a star among rushlights." "That was a night of nights. He waltzed with me once and spoke to me several times, and I kept my sash where he put his arm round my waist to waltz, and my gloves. I never wore them again." He went away to Africa for six years, no doubt to help make a name that might overcome the resistance of her family. When he came back, he proposed. He was not kept waiting for an answer. "I would rather have a crust and a tent with you," she said, "than be queen of all the world." "Your people will not give you to me," he said. "I know that," she answered, "but I belong to myself—I give myself away."

She was a devout Catholic, by r[illegible] was an Arundel, and [illegible] for [illegible] medium. He kept her [illegible] acted three promises from him in writing—marriage in the Catholic church, the wife's free practice of her religion and the right to bring up her children in it. They were readily made, the more so, perhaps, as Burton had no definite faith of his own. But even now she had to wait. The passion for travel seized him once more and in the strangest way. He went off without a word of warning, sending only his apparition to take leave of her as she lay in bed. "Goodby, my poor child," said the astral double. "My time is up, and I have gone. But do not grieve. I shall be back in less than three years, and I am your destiny." While he was away she wrote a diary of the doings of the whole world of civilization in so far as she thought they might interest him and sent it off to him in installments by every fortnight's post. He came back to claim her in due time, much as Alonzo came back from the dead. "He had had 21 attacks of fever, had been partially paralyzed and partially blind. He was a mere skeleton, with brown yellow skin hanging in bags, his eyes protruding and his lips drawn away from his teeth. Never did I feel the strength of my love as then." The marriage came at last.—London *News*.

Bird Life In the Antarctic.

Granting that highly organized creatures can exist there, it is passing strange that they should consent to do so or make a voluntary habitation in that hell of cold and darkness which Norse fancy imagined as a place of torment more appalling than the lake of liquid fire. One would have thought arctic life must cease, because, even if possible, it was not worth living; that there would be a voluntary exodus of beasts, as of birds, before the winter setting of the sun, and the slower moving mammals would go, to return no more.

As a curious puzzle, exactly reversing the idea in the foregoing sentence, allow me to give the following information: Between the antarctic circle and New Zealand lie several small groups of islands—the Snares, the Traps, Antipodes, the Macquaries, the Aucklands, Campbell island, Emerald island, etc. Some of these are mere barren peaks of rock, some are partly covered with low scrub and grass, but almost all of them are nurseries of the sea birds, which may be counted by thousands and tens of thousands on those lonely places. The penguins especially, in many species, and some of great size, use these islands as their breeding places. When during the summer the eggs have been hatched and the young ones attended to, the younger generation is left on the nurseries and the adults set out for the land around the south pole. They leave in autumn thin and attenuated with the care of their families. They go off for the winter to the clime of cold and ice, and they return six months afterward, fat as butter, to their old haunts. Their squadrons cover the sea for miles, swimming abreast in long columns.—New Zealand Correspondent.

Making the Mosaic Transom.

The opacity of the material used in the mosaics of Rome, Ravenna and Venice is due to minute particles of oxide of tin held in suspension by the glass, and the texture of the glass is dull and granular. The material now being used at St. Paul's owes its opacity to powdered feldspar, an essential ingredient of granite, and itself a natural but very infusible glass. The texture of this material is smooth and vitreous, and it is consequently less retentive of dirt and more easily cleaned than the glass containing the oxide of tin. The various colors are obtained by mixing metallic oxides with the ordinary ingredients of glass, to which the powdered feldspar has been added. The oxide of cobalt produces a purple blue color, and the oxide of copper, according to its state of oxidation and the proportion in which it is used, gives a blue, a green or a red. Black is obtained by the oxide of manganese, green by the oxide of chromium, pink by the oxide of gold and yellow by the oxide of uranium. By combining the oxides a practically unlimited palette may readily be obtained.

The mixtures, in the state of powder, are shoveled into crucibles standing round the grate of a furnace, and when fusion is complete the viscous glass can be coiled upon the heated end of an iron rod and removed for use very much in the way that thick treacle may be gathered round the bowl of a spoon and removed from the jar to the plate. A mass of molten glass thus collected is allowed to fall upon a flat iron table, and is pressed into a slab about six inches square and half an inch thick. The slabs are removed to an oven, where they are allowed to cool slowly, and when cool are broken by a hammer or chopped by a miniature guillotine into small cubes or "tesserae." "Tesserae" is perhaps the more appropriate term, as it does not suggest that geometrical accuracy of form which is implied by cubes.—Contemporary Review.

A Drama In the Old Testament.

There is one short story in the second book of Kings which is wholly dramatic in essence, and the narrative form is so subordinate in feeling to the dramatic spirit that even a casual reader, if at all critical, must be impressed by this. Indeed so essentially dramatic is the story that in closely considering it we may say it falls naturally into the necessary acts and scenes lightly and delicately held together by a thread of narrative which almost serves the purpose of the chorus, although there is absolutely no comment—another dramatic feature—and the subject is left to speak directly to the reader's mind.

The story is the well known one of Naaman the Syrian and his recovery from leprosy, and in simplicity, directness, movement and dramatic fire the story cannot be surpassed. It is told, too, with such impartiality that we seem to be looking upon life itself, and such is its rare art that there is absolute freedom from any feeling of the personality of the author. And, though so brief, the narrative holds a great deal that is [illegible] political, social and religious conditions of the times, and then within these, which are always the necessary groundwork and frame, there is seen that separate and yet at the same time interdependent play of character which is so essential to the drama. Then, too, the narrative falls inevitably into the usual five acts, and these carry out strictly the Aristotelian analysis of dramatic tragedy—the beginning, increase, climax, declension, consequence or fall—and all takes place in such a way that that purification of the mind by calling forth the feelings of pity and terror, the artistic and ethical aim of tragedy, is fully accomplished.

In this short story, more than anywhere else, the genius of the Hebrew approaches to that of the Greek, and the passage is easy between them.—Lippincott's.

An Eccentric Traveler.

Colonel G., a considerable landowner in the midlands, had a mania for travel, or rather a spirit of unrest which prompted him to keep continually on the move. This harmless eccentricity made his whereabouts a perpetual mystery. On one occasion, after months of absence, he suddenly returned to his house and was accidentally met in the hall by his son.

"How are you, my boy? No, no; can't stay to dinner. Only looked in to change my hat. Goodby. I have kept the fly at the door," and he was off again.

One day when his son's yacht was at Corfu he made an unexpected appearance and was with difficulty persuaded by his daughter-in-law to stay for breakfast. During the meal the steward reported that he could find no nails with which to repair a bookshelf.

"No brass headed nails?" cried the colonel, who had been fidgeting in his chair and saw in this want an opening for his peculiar talent. "No brass headed nails! I'll get you some," and he tumbled over the side into his boat.

Five months later he reappeared at Constantinople, where the yacht then was.

"Here you are, my boy!" he cried triumphantly, producing a small packet. "Here are nails—real good ones. Bought them myself a Birmingham, but had to go round by Honolula and San Francisco. What! Too large? I'll get you some smaller ones. Goodby." And it was only by gentle force that he could be restrained from starting off forthwith.—Pearson's Weekly.

Washington's Tallest Policeman.

Policeman John T. Kennedy is the tallest man in the department. He measures 6 feet 6 inches and weighs 260 pounds. He has a peachblow complexion, and talks in a deep down Marine band voice. He is not only remarkable for his dimensions, but for his police record as well. He was born in Westmoreland county, Va., Feb. 23, 1871. He was appointed on the police force July 1, 1893.—Washington Times.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.00
Six Months.....1.00
Single Copies.....05

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

Official Newspaper of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

CHICAGO, MAY 9, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Mr. John Drew.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Wife."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"John and Priscilla."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"An Officer of the 3d."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—"East Lynne."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"A Monte Carlo Girl."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"Dangers of a Great City."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel.
Still wisdom working day by day
Will cause the time for passion's sway.
The patient flint and powder check
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE ANCIENT IRISH LANGUAGE.

There can be no doubt in the mind of any intelligent person who has made even the slightest study of the question, that the neglect of the ancient Gaelic tongue in Ireland, as a dual mode of speech, has been one great cause of the decline of the good and distinctive national spirit of the people. While it is perfectly true, that many gifted and patriotic Irishmen knew nothing whatsoever of their native language, the lack of it did not add to their power over the masses of the Celtic people. Grattan, Curran, Wolfe Tone and the two Emmets, were, doubtless, destitute of Gaelic, but O'Connell, Thomas Davis, Smith O'Brien, and the Young Irelanders generally, made it both a practice and a study. Old men, who remembered the "monster meetings" held in Munster and Connaught in 1843, have assured us that O'Connell in Irish was fifty times a greater orator than O'Connell in English. This is a great tribute to his genius, because, even in the tongue of "the Saxon," O'Connell had no superior in his day, or any other, as a popular speaker. He was not a word-smith, or an architect of fine phrases, but an orator, pure and simple, whose magic voice called forth the people's rage or tears at will. In his mouth Irish was a weapon which rolled out like summer thunder, broken here and there by sharper detonations, as the electricity of his genius descended in tongues of fire upon his hearers.

Thomas Davis, the bravest of all Ireland's poets, had a passionate adoration for Gaelic and sometimes carried his passion so far as to load his English verses with Irish words, printed in the Gaelic character, and utterly incomprehensible to the merely English reader, unless by the operation of a foot note. Smith O'Brien had already reached middle age when he began the study of the olden tongue, but became quite a proficient in it before the enemy banished him from Ireland. Mitchel also gave it some study, but, we believe, never succeeded in entirely mastering it, although he was a zealous advocate of its use.

It is impossible to conceive why the Irish nation allowed the Gaelic speech to almost perish. It was their proudest heritage. In it King Brian gave the order for the splendid assault that destroyed the Danish army at Clontarf. In it, also, Donald O'Neill, Phelim O'Conor and Art MacMurrough roused their clans to battle against the common foe. It was the language of Shane the Proud, of Hugh of the Victories, of Red Hugh O'Donnell, of Owen Roe, of Patrick Sarsfield, and of that brave Lord Clare who gave the charging word to the splendid Irish Brigade of Fontenoy. In it was shouted the war-cry of Wexford and Wicklow, in 1798. The noble old tongue deserved a better fate than to be abandoned by the people it ennobled.

Stay, we have yet another proud memory of it. The mighty St. Patrick—most successful of Christian apostles—learned it while a captive among our pagan forefathers, and used it, when he returned from Rome as an authorized missionary, to convert them to Christianity. St. Columbkill and his holy confreres prayed in it. Oh, it is covered gloriously, like a splendid ruin, with the ivies that cling eternally to the stately and the venerable. Why should we desert it? Have we fallen so in love with the tongue of the conqueror—a conglomerate speech unknown until within a comparatively recent period—that we cannot make room in our households for the language spoken by our fathers before Moses was rescued by the royal Egyptian from among the bullrushes of the Nile?

An interesting writer, in the Dublin Freeman, dealing with the subject of Gaelic, and contrasting Irish with Welsh patriotism says:

"The Welsh-speaking population numbers about 900,000. The Irish-speaking population is returned in the census of 1891 as close on 700,000. In each of three Irish counties, Galway, Cork and Mayo, over 100,000 people speak Irish. When the Welsh language movement was in its infancy, Welsh was spoken by fewer people than Irish is today. Our language has, in almost every respect, except the respect of its people, a distinct advantage over Welsh. Philologists recognize Irish as the leading Celtic language. It is the best preserved, the most capable and expressive, the most copious, the most cultivated, and endowed with the best and most abundant literature. On some of these points, of course, we shall soon have to look to our laurels. As to Anglicising influences, the English language has driven great wedges into Wales around such centres as Swansea, Cardiff, Milford Haven, Holyhead and Liverpool. All along their eastern borders Welshmen meet the stolid Englishman, with his placid and powerful contempt for all tastes and sentiments that are not his own, and that are not based on pounds, shillings and pence. The Irish language, on the other hand, has no great centres of English life and intercourse to contend with, and its borders bring it into contact only with those who are, so far as the English language will allow them to be, kindly Irish of the Irish. The Welsh language, if similarly placed and backed by the Welsh spirit, would by yearly extending its range. Indeed, it is said to be spreading, even as it is, into the border counties."

Then the writer gives some account of the systematic manner in which Welsh has been taught in Wales, until it has become the home tongue of more than two-thirds of the people of that principality, and continues thus:

"Can we substitute Irish and the Irish-speaking portions of Ireland for Welsh and Wales in the foregoing [illegible]? In [illegible] districts Irish is not [illegible] exclusive language of the population. In the barony of Ross, county Galway, 92 per cent of the population speak Irish. The remaining 8 per cent includes the little infants who cannot speak at all. In thirteen other baronies in Ulster, Connaught and Munster over 60 per cent speak Irish. In the whole county of Galway 59 per cent of the people speak Irish; in Mayo, Waterford and Kerry, 40 to 50 per cent; in Clare, Cork and Donegal, 40 to 45 per cent. In each case a considerable percentage should be added for children, temporary absentees and defective returns. Of those who do not speak Irish a large percentage understand it thoroughly, and could speak it if they wished. It is a very common thing to find the parents speaking Irish always and the children always English, even in intercourse between parents and children. The difference between the intellectual range possessed in the two languages is illustrated by the following fact—the ordinary English-speaking peasant uses habitually only some 500 words, his knowledge including some 100 or 200 more. Dr. Pederson of the University of Copenhagen, during a recent visit of two or three months to the Arran Islands, collected from the Irish spoken by the peasantry over 3,000 words, and he says he did not nearly exhaust their vocabulary. Irish, unfortunately, is not the language of many newspapers and periodicals, but its use in the press is rapidly extending. Officials who speak Irish are not much in demand, because official appointments mainly rest in the hands of people who know nothing about Irish, and have no friendship for it, and because the popular affection for Irish is mainly passive, very seldom active, and still less frequently effective."

Unless Irish was a valuable language—a strong connecting link between the modern and ancient world—savants of great distinction in Germany and Denmark would not be anxious to extend its scope. The Irish people everywhere should arouse themselves from their trance and restore again to common use among the race

"The tongue that in the senate was lightning flashing bright;
Whose echo, in the battle, was the thunder in its might."

DR. ONAHAN CORRECTED.

Dr. William J. Onahan, of this city, is generally so accurate a historian that it is almost ungracious to correct him in the matter of a single error. In his interesting article on "Scotland's Services to France," published in the Catholic Quarterly Review for April, Dr. Onahan says: "The battle of Lanfield, in 1747, was the last in which the Scots Guards (of France) were engaged, and the final battlefield of the Scots men-at-arms was that of Minden, Aug. 1, 1759—the same battle in which fell the renowned Irish leader Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, at the head of the Irish Brigade in the same service." Dr. Onahan will pardon THE CITIZEN for stating that "Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan," the only man of the name and title who commanded the Irish soldiers of France, was mortally wounded at the battle of Landen, or Neerwinden, in Flanders, on July 29, 1693, and died of his wounds in the village of Huy, some miles from the battlefield, a few days later. See Thomas Davis, John Mitchel's History of Ireland and Macaulay's History of England.

M'KINLEY AND THE "TIMES-HERALD"

The Hon. William McKinley, of Ohio, received the enthusiastic indorsement of the Republicans of Illinois for the presidential nomination at the State convention held in Springfield last week. Senator Cullom's friends, seeing that the popular tide was in favor of the Ohio statesman, did not carry the contest beyond a certain point. It now seems certain that Governor McKinley will be nominated at St. Louis on the first ballot, if not by acclamation. He is, unmistakably, the favorite of the rank and file of the Republican party, although not of the cunning ring politicians, who would like to have a more pliant subject in the presidential chair. Many forces combined to make Illinois solid for McKinley, but, to give justice where justice is plainly due, no force did more toward his indorsement than the strong and persistent advocacy of the Times-Herald, which is edited by Governor McKinley's personal friend, Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat. This vigorous editor bears the reputation of being "a good hater," and, like most such, he is also an unchangeable lover. It is certain that the Times-Herald has consolidated the McKinley sentiment by its splendid devotion to the cause of the gentleman from Ohio. Therefore, if MKinley is nominated at St. Louis, as we believe he will be, he may thank the Times-Herald for a large share of his good fortune.

ENGLAND'S SHAMEFUL EXPOSURE.

The disreputable British government has been fairly caught en deshabille in South Africa. It is, today, the most degraded aggregation of political highwaymen, hypocrites and sneak thieves that ever disgraced and degraded humanity. President Kruger, of the Transvaal, has convicted it as Dr. Jameson's accessory both before and after the fact. After commuting the death sentence of Cecil Rhodes' and Judas Chamberlain's tools and dupes the great Boer gave to the world the incriminating cipher telegrams which reveal England's diabolical plot to destroy the republic over which he so ably presides. Never in all her infamous history has England been more disgraced and discredited in the face of the nations. Paul Kruger deserves the thanks of humanity for having so effectually exposed John Bull's methods as a felonious landgrabber.

Here are some of the messages sent from Cecil Rhodes' secretary, Harris, of the South African Chartered Company, to the shameless traitors within the gates of Johannesburg:

"Dec. 13—Stevens, Cape Town, to Col. Rhodes, Johannesburg: Jameson wires most strongly urging no postponing shareholders' meeting. Let Hammond inform weak partners that any delay most dangerous.

"Dec. 18—Hammond, Johannesburg, to Cecil Rhodes, Cape Town: Cannot arrange respective interests without Beit. Flotation must be delayed until his arrival.

"Dec. 21—Harris, Cape Town, to Col. Rhodes, Johannesburg: Beit has telegraphed urging start flotation new company. Reply when you can float so I may advise Jameson same day.

"Dec. 23—Harris, Cape Town, to Col. Rhodes, Johannesburg: Beit has wired Phillips assuring him that chairman starts immediately the flotation takes place. No invitation necessary.

"Dec. 23—Harris, Cape Town, to Jameson, Pitsani: Company will be floated next Saturday midnight. They are very anxious that you do not start before 9, and secure telegraph office's silence. We suspect Transvaal getting slightly aware."

In the foregoing jargon the word "flotation" means revolution, and the rest is plain to the most ordinary observation. No wonder that we are assured by telegrams from London that "Englishmen are stricken dumb with shame," and that "Doctor Jim," as they call Jameson, has become unpopular since the publication of the messages. Cecil Rhodes has buried himself in the depths of Matabeleland to escape the anger of his fellow-countrymen, who can easily forgive a successful rascal but never an unsuccessful one. And yet this is the people that three simple-minded cardinals want America to arbitrate with! And this is the nation, called by "American" idiots and dunces, "the mother of modern civilization!"

The Irish Republic, of New York, well says of the affair:

"Had Jameson and his freebooters succeeded, and they might have but for the weak-kneed traitors in Johannesburg, the Transvaal Republic would today be a thing of the past, and the British flag be waving above the ruins of Oom Paul's home. Another valuable slice of territory would have been taken within the Imperial area. Paul, however, was more than a match for the conspirators, from Mr. Chamberlain and Cecil Rhodes to the humblest Uitlander. We can now in the light of the telegrams, revealing at least something of the inwardness of the conspiracy, see how Paul must have sniggered when he handed over to the British imperial government 'Doctor Jim' and his troopers to be tried in London for their freebooting. Verily, verily, Paul must have a liking for farcical comedy. And up his sleeve all this time the cute old boy kept his trump card."

TWO IRISH COLONELS.

Exit Col. Charles Page Bryan, of the Governor's staff. Enter Col. Thomas Cusack, of the same. Col. Bryan retires because of modesty and Republicanism. Col. Cusack advances because of merit and Democratism. Yet if we got into war with, say, England, the enemy could not tell the difference between a bullet fired by Col. Bryan and one fired by Col. Cusack. Both are good, stalwart Irishmen. Col. Bryan is thirty-sixth in descent from Bryan Boru, king of all Ireland, while Col. Cusack claims even an older royal pedigree.

The colonel so gaily prancing, boys,
Has a wonderful trick of advancing, boys;
When he sings out so large,
"Fix bayonets! charge!"
He sets all his foemen a-dancing, boys.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

Following is the complete list of candidates nominated by the Illinois Republican State Convention last week:

Governor.....John R. Tanner
Lieutenant-Governor...W. A. Northcott
Secretary of State.....James A. Rose
Auditor.....James S. McCullough
Treasurer.....Henry L. Hertz
Attorney-General.....E. C. Aiken
Clerk of Northern Grand Division, Supreme Court....Chris Mamer
Clerk of Central Grand Division, Supreme Court....A. D. Cadwallader
Clerk of Southern Grand Division, Supreme Court....R. E. Marby
Clerk of Second Judicial District, Appellate Court.....C. C. Duffy
Clerk of Third Judicial District, Appellate Court.....W. C. Hibbard
Clerk of Fourth Judicial District, Appellate Court....M. Emerson

TRUSTEES STATE UNIVERSITY.

T. J. Smith — Francis M. McKay
Mary Turner Carrell.

DELEGATES AT LARGE.

Richard J. Oglesby — Joseph W. Fifer
Wm. Penn Nixon — Robert W. Patterson

ALTERNATE DELEGATES AT LARGE.

Charles M. Pepper — James W. Ellsworth
Jordan Chavis — Pleasant T. Chapman

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS-AT-LARGE.

Horace S. Clark — Emil G. Hirsch

DISTRICT ELECTORS.

1st District.....Noble B. Judah
2d " .....D. B. Gray
3d " .....Charles L. Sherlock
4th " .....Fred M. Blount
5th " .....Ephraim Banning
6th " .....Chester M. Dawes
7th " .....Wash Vanhorn
8th " .....William L. Sackett
9th " .....E. W. Montgomery
10th " .....A. G. Hammond
11th " .....Marcellus Wilson
12th " .....W. R. Jewell
13th " .....A. T. Barnes
14th " .....E. S. Easton
15th " .....W. E. Taylor
16th " .....John A. Coates
17th " .....H. N. Schuyler
18th " .....John R. Pogue
19th " .....Lewis L. Lehman
20th " .....Theodore G. Risley
21st " .....Walter S. Louden
22d " .....W. W. Duncan

REPUBLICAN STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEEMEN—AT LARGE.

E. H. Morris — John C. Buckner
Isaac C. Edwards — John Sterling
A. W. Berggren

DISTRICT COMMITTEEMEN.

1st District.....T. N. Jameson
2d " .....Charles S. Deneen
3d " .....Ernest Magerstadt
4th " .....Joseph E. Bidwell
5th " .....Adam Wolf
6th " .....William E. Ball
7th " .....James Pease
8th " .....Ira C. Copley
9th " .....Howard O. Hilton
10th " .....James McKinney
11th " .....Ralph T. Bradford
12th " .....E. W. Willard
13th " .....Dr. L. S. Wilcox
14th " .....S. O. Spring
15th " .....W. H. Hamlin
16th " .....Charles S. Rannells
17th " .....R. J. Smith
18th " .....R. M. Bennett
19th " .....Charles P. Hitch
20th " .....John H. Miller
21st " .....William A. Stocker
22d " .....Lewis T. Linnell

OH, Cleveland, hurry up and recognize the Cubans. It is time for you to go fishing again.

THE St. Charles Athenæum presented a new drama, called "The Shamrock and the Rose," at the People's Institute Friday evening. The following were in the cast: Messrs. Louis P. Moore, P. W. O'Brien, John T. Lillis, John T. McNellis, W. J. Griffin, D. F. Ryan, John O'Rourke and Misses Kathryn Ryan, Annie O'Reilly and May Carroll. The committee on entertainment included W. P. Finn, B. D. Duggan, F. J. Keogh, John T. Lillis, M. J. Donoghue, Joseph Ogden, Rev. J. J. Jennings, W. Griffin, Dr. H. J. Way, Will N. Brown. The officers are: President, Maurice J. Donoghue; First Vice-President, George B. McIntyre; Second Vice-President, F. J. Keogh; Recording Secretary, B. D. Duggan; Corresponding Secretary, J. H. Gannon; Financial Secretary, J. E. Grady; Treasurer, John T. Lillis; Marshal, A. Hamer. The Athenæum recently enrolled itself among the clubs of the Young Men's Institute—a Catholic organization of great popularity.

THE ship Bermuda, from Philadelphia, April 23, safely landed her cargo of arms, ammunition and ninety good men and true for the patriots on the Cuban shore last Saturday. She got away safely, after the landing, dodging the Spanish gunboats very successfully.

THE students of the Chicago College of Law gave an entertainment Saturday night in the recitation hall of the college in the Athenæum Building. Ex-Judge Moran delivered an address on "The Ethics of the Law." There were songs by F. J. Crowley and Bernard Danahey, recitations by Mr. McKenna, and club swinging and juggling by Messrs. Maddell and Johnson. The committee which had charge of the affair consisted of F. J. Crowley, C. P. Porter, and Stewart R. Brown.

THE marriage of D. J. Devereaux of Chicago and Miss Aggie R. Cowan of Warsaw, N.Y., was celebrated at St. James' church, Wabash avenue and Twenty-ninth street, at 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon week, the Rev. Hugh McGuire officiating. Miss Maggie Cowan, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, while B. N. Hays stood up as best man. A reception and wedding dinner was tendered by the newly married couple at the Clifton House to a few of the immediate friends. The couple will return after a short honeymoon to make their future home in Chicago.

Now, if only Mrs. Cleveland were President, we feel sure Cuba would be set free.

A DISPATCH from Brazil, Ind., dated May 3, says: "Undertakers Moore and Ferguson took up the body of John Fleming from Cottage Hill Cemetery in this city and shipped it to Ireland. The body was interred five years ago. A short time ago Andrew Fleming, a brother, died in Wisconsin and set apart $10,000 in his will to have the remains of his brother, buried in this country, taken up and shipped back to Ireland, where they will be buried on the old homestead and a magnificent monument erected over them."

THOMAS FOOL BAYARD, of Delaware, misrepresentative of the United States in England, and repudiated by the American congress for truckling to foreign sentiment, is now in the seventh heaven of flunkeyish delight. The Prince of Wales has invited him to dinner! They are a well matched pair. We wonder if the Countess of Warwick will be of the party.

THE Patriotic Sons of Father Mathew band tendered a May concert and reception to their friends at Apollo hall Wednesday evening. The Seventh Regiment drum and bugle corps, under the direction of Prof. John McShea, assisted in the entertainment. After the concert the hall was cleared of chairs and dancing continued until an early hour in the morning. Fully 2,000 people attended the entertainment.

SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, the Liberal leader of the house of commons, speaking at the banquet of the National Liberal Club Tuesday, in referring to the Venezuelan boundary dispute, said that he believed England was anxious for arbitration, and no personal pride or diplomatic obstinacy should be allowed to impede the negotiations. This, of course, was a hit at Salisbury. Your English politician knows all the tricks of the trade, like his American relative.

THE Columbus Club gave an interesting and enjoyable musicale at its rooms, No. 45 Monroe street, Thursday evening of last week. A piano recital was conducted by Miss Mary Potwin. Several soprano solos were given by Miss Fannie Ferguson. At the conclusion of the musical entertainment dancing was indulged in until a late hour. Prof. Hand's orchestra furnishing the music. Refreshments were served in the club cafe. About eighty couples were present.

JOSEPH H. DIXON, ex-superintendent of the Chicago police force, and one of the best known figures among Chicagoans, died at his home in this city on Thursday, aged 65 years. He had been ill with throat and chest trouble for some time, and his death was not unexpected. He leaves a wife and three grown up children in good circumstances. Mr. Dixon was a very popular man, and his death is widely lamented.

THE entertainment given for the benefit of St. Pius' Catholic church, Ashland avenue and Nineteenth street, Tuesday evening, was a great success and the capacious hall was filled to overflowing. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor, and Rev. Father Melody, assistant, were present and, under their supervision, the programme presented was carried out most satisfactorily. Among those who participated in the literary and musical exercises were Thomas S. C. Nolan, Miss Dorothy Deignan, Miss May L. Rogers, Mrs. P. J. McGrath, Rudy Henry, Joseph F. Kelly, Thomas J. Quigley, T. F. Reilly, Dennis Paul, John Nelson, William Barron, J. L. Russell, J. F. O'Connor, T. W. Russell, John W. Mann, George Walker, John Wilson, F. E. Riley, and James Vincent.

A VERY sad thing occurred to John Mule Clark, chairman of the civil service board of this city, on Monday afternoon. A horse kicked him on the shin. We regret that any serious accident should occur to Mr. Clark, but we would warn him to keep his distance from horses in future. They don't like mules. At latest accounts Mr. Clark was doing well. He will be soon shinning around again.

INDIANA Republicans, at their State convention on Thursday, unanimously indorsed McKinley for the presidential nomination. This seems to insure the Ohio statesman's triumph in the National convention.

OFFICER D. O'LEARY, of the Central detail, gallantly stopped a team of runaway horses, attached to a baker's wagon, at Fifth avenue and Madison street Thursday morning. He deserves a merit medal for his courage.

YOUNGEST COADJUTOR BISHOP.

The Rev. J. J. Glennon, who has been made coadjutor bishop of Kansas City, Mo., was born in the county Meath, Ireland, in 1862, and is the youngest man who has ever been honored as he has been honored in America. It usually takes a long lifetime of work in the church to obtain such distinction. Although a young man, Father Glennon has made a reputation as a learned and brilliant churchman. His father lived in America for many years, but returned to Ireland after accumulating a fortune. Young Glennon attended school at Mullingar, Ireland, graduating at the age of 16. At the age of 21 he graduated from All Hallows college in Dublin, having taken the theological course.

In 1883 he came from Ireland to Kansas City, and in December, 1884, he was ordained a priest. He was assistant rector of St. Patrick's church for a time, but for several years has assisted Bishop Hogan at the Cathedral. Father Glennon is a most friendly man, full of humanity and charity, and is very popular with the laity and the clergy.

During Bishop Hogan's recent trip abroad, Father Glennon officiated in his stead. The bishop has for some time relied largely upon him, and he was known to be the bishop's choice for bishop coadjutor; therefore, it was generally expected that he would be selected. Missouri is divided into three dioceses, those of St. Louis, St. Joseph and Kansas City. This diocese extends as far east as Glasgow, Mo., and takes in all the southern portion of the state. There are eighty priests and 50,000 members of the church in the diocese, and the church property, which is vested in the name of the bishop of the diocese, is worth about $2,000,000.

DR. A. F. CONROY.

Dr. A. F. Conroy, the noted dentist, physician, and specialist for head and throat troubles, has moved from 122 Wabash avenue to his new quarters in the McVicker Theatre Building. His new apartments are nicely fitted up, and patients will find in them, while waiting, or being treated, all desirable accommodation. Through his own ability in the first place, and owing to the convenient location of his rooms, Dr. Conroy will undoubtedly add to his already extensive practice.

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

Last Sunday the Gaelic Athletic Association opened the new grounds prepared for them at Ogden avenue and Rockwell streets, with a game of football and a hurling match. The football contest was between picked teams from the Innisfails and O'Connells on one side, and from the Emmets and O'Briens on the other. It was a well contested game. The Innisfail and O'Connell men were victorious, the score standing at the close of play 6 to 4. The players were:

Innisfails and O'Connells—T. Naughton, captain; D. O'Connell, J. Cooney, P. Kane, F. G. Curry, W. Martin, J. White, M. McCarthy, J. Leaney, J. Manning, J. Ahearn, R. McAuliffe, C. Dillon, M. Kennedy, J. Murphy, P. Foley, J. Frvier.

Emmets and O'Briens—J. Miles, captain; D. Corbett, William Hall, T. Ryan, J. O'Brien, P. King, M. Norris, P. Fitzgerald, C. Murphy, P. Carney, W. Carney, E. Stanley, P. J. O'Hara, J. V. Woods, D. Carmody, J. C. Woods.

The hurling match was between the Innisfails and Sarsfields, and resulted in a victory for the Innisfails; the score was 4 goals 6 points, against 3 goals 2 points.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

MILITARY FIELD DAY.

On Sunday morning, May 10, the Seventh Infantry, field staff and line, will have an outing. They will leave the armory at 10 o'clock sharp, and go into the country for a day's drill and recreation. Provisions will be brought along, and dinner will be served on the field. It is estimated that seven hundred members of the regiment will take part in the outing.

THE GREAT O'NEILLS.

Magnificent Lecture on Ireland's Paladins by Mrs. M. T. Pender, the Gifted Irish Authoress.

Hugh O'Neill, the Younger, Who So Gallantly Defended Cromwell, Admitted to Quarter by Cromwell and Recommended by Him to the King of Spain.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

themselves. How he would have fared had he ever crossed swords with Oliver it is hard to say; but this we know, that Owen Roe lived and died unconquered—he was never beaten. Of this, too, we may be sure, that no Cromwellian troopers ever marched to battle at four pence per diem who could withstand the headlong valor of Owen Roe's veteran Ulster warriors, with Owen Roe at their head. There was no general in England, Ireland or Scotland fit to cope with Cromwell, save Owen Roe O'Neill, as there was none, save Cromwell, fit to cope with him. How the great duel would have sped between these two mighty warriors—between the powers of light and the forces of darkness, between Irish courage and Cromwellian cannon, between the gallant, chivalrous, glorious, great O'Neill, with the blood of a hundred kings and warriors in his veins, and the ugly, gloomy, grizzly son of the brewer of Huntingdon, with the blood of the brave and noble, not, indeed, in his veins, but on his hands—will never now be known; but which of us would not stake our lives, or a thousand if we had them, on our own O'Neill? But Owen Roe was not fated to oppose his valor to the arch-destroyer Cromwell, for

"The weapon of the Saxon met him on his way,
And he died at Clough-Oughter upon St. Leonard's Day."

O'Neill was poisoned. English assassins had striven in vain to murder Shane the Proud; they had been hired to poison the great Hugh and failed, but they had strangled his young soldier-son in his bed at Brussels. They had followed and poisoned the Red O'Donnell in Spain; and his brave brothers in Rome; and now, sad to record, they had succeeded in basely murdering the noblest Roman of them all. Everyone knows the story of pair of russet boots presented by one Plunket, of Louth, to Owen Roe. How he wore them at a banquet given by the ferocious Coote at Derry, how the boots were poisoned, and produced some form of paralysis, of which O'Neill died after protracted agonies; and how the infamous Plunket boasted afterwards of the service he had rendered to England by the "removal" of her illustrious enemy. Of the character of this great man there are no divergent opinions; friends and foes alike unite in paying homage to his valor, his wisdom, his constancy, his nobility of mind, his consummate generalship, his chivalry and humanity, and above all, that glorious patriotism which was the foundation stone of his exalted character, the motive power and inspiration of his every act and thought. It was all for Ireland with this great O'Neill; of himself he thought not at all; and thus he has left us a bright example which every true Irishman would do well to keep steadfastly before his eyes. This war was fearfully fatal to the brave O'Neills. Owen Roe's gallant young son, Col. Henry, was taken prisoner by Col. Fenwick, an English officer, who gave him quarter; but when Fenwick brought his noble prisoner before Coote, that dark barbarian ordered his men to knock the young soldier's brains out with their musket butts. Thus Henry O'Neill was slain like a wild beast in a den, together with four or five other noble gentlemen, the flower of Ulster chivalry. Con Oge, a nephew of Owen Roe's, was taken prisoner at Clones; and after quarter given by General Sir Robert Stewart, a camp-following minister—one of Cromwell's hot-gospellers—came behind him and stabbed him in the back. Stewart reprimanded the minister, but did not hang him, as Sir Phelim O'Neill had hanged his own foster-brother and three of his people for the murder of his prisoner, Lord Caulfield.

Brian O'Neill, another gallant nephew of the victor of Benburb, was hacked to pieces while bravely leading a charge, under the eyes of a whole idle army of Anglo-Irish "allies"—"cowardly cocks," as Red Owen justly called them. Black Hugh, another notable nephew of the hero of Benburb, met with a better fate. After the death of Owen Roe this Black Hugh commanded in the South, and his brilliant defense of Clonmel and Limerick equals anything of the kind that ever was accomplished in the annals of warfare. Here, before the walls of Clonmel, Oliver and his Ironsides tasted the quality of a true O'Neill, one who, as old Noll complained, "had like to bring his noble to a ninepence." Here, after such a day's fierce fighting as had never been seen before in England or in Ireland, for, writes an officer who fought on Cromwell's side, "there was never seen so hot a storm of so long continuance, and so gallantly defended, either in England or in Ireland. The fierce death-wrestle in the breaches here lasted four hours, so many hours of hot storm and continuous tug-of-war, and many on both sides were slain"—here, after all this mad death-wrestling, the fiercest of Oliver's Ironsides, even with the wight Oliver himself at their head, shrank back appalled, and refused to face the breach within which stood the Black O'Neill and his handful of Black Northerns—all black, indeed, as over powder, fire, blood and battle-smoke painted the brows of heroes!—while Oliver, forgetting his Puritanical cant, swore like a very pagan, vainly cursing the only foe before whom his iron-hearted fanatics had ever failed; and well, indeed, might Cromwell curse, for 2,500 of his best soldiers lay stark and dead around him. When his last charge of powder was expended, Black Hugh and his heroes drew off under cover of the night, and left Oliver to take possession of a heap of smoking ruins. And now comes the strange sequel to that stirring tale. After an equally gallant defense of Limerick, Black Hugh was taken prisoner. He was sent to London, tried before Bradshaw, the regicide who had sentenced Charles I., and, of course, condemned to be executed; but he was respited by Oliver Cromwell! Oliver not only respited Black Hugh, but he sent him back honorably to Spain, from which he had sailed with Owen Roe, and with him he sent to King Philip a letter of high commendation for the splendid valor and military genius of this last brave O'Neill—the only man of his warlike race that ever Oliver met in battle, the only man who had ever beaten him, and the only Irishman to whom this great grim savage ever showed mercy *or* magnanimity.

The vulture knew that he had met an eagle, and, for once, he essayed a kingly virtue. I now take leave of this illustrious race of heroes, whose far-extended line stretches over Irish history, legend and romance, in a long track of glory for over three thousand years—back and away into the far, faint mists of time, from which the majestic forms of our Milesian fathers tower forth, collossal, in the first youth of the world. No single lecture could do justice to so vast a subject. I have passed in silence over names about which volumes might be written of more vivid interest than an old romance; while those that I have mentioned I have only been able to touch, hardly striking one feeble chord of the Homeric epic embodied in each stirring, struggling, vivid, gallant life. No country in the world ever boasted a nobler stock than these. I do not know that the historied archives of any nation on earth is enriched by the records of any single family so exalted, so patriotic, so valiant, so illustrious, and so ancient as Ireland can boast in her great O'Neills. And though their names shine no more along the pages of our history, yet have they left us so proud an inheritance that had Ireland never produced any great names but theirs alone, yet would they have been sufficient to set our ancient race in a foremost place among the heroic peoples of the earth. What a pity, as Davis would say, that we have today "no heirs of their company." Yet their blood is among us still, though it no longer courses in the veins of kings. And who can tell in what gallant breast a Shane or a Hugh may now be hiding, from thence to spring forth—a man of men—who will do for us in these days of bloodless strife what the O'Neill was ever wont to do, in peace or war—lead forward the nation's hope on the path of liberty.

The lecture was punctuated throughout with hearty applause.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

GRAVES OF THE PATRIOTS.

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

Cover with blossoms the graves where they rest—
Under the sward on the mountain or lea—
Whom earth has embalm'd in her motherly breast
To repose in their glory—the brave and the free.

Blooms for each patriot who sacrificed life
And died in the combat—in battle's wild roar—
Where they rest from the camp, from the strife—
Their slumbers the bugle disturbs nevermore.

Cover with verdure from bright green-wood bow'rs—
The graves that their comrades prepared when they fell—
The greenest of ferns and the fairest of flow'rs—
Wherever they lie in the vale or the dell.

Graves of the heroes who fought for the nation!
'Gainst foreign invaders who harass'd their strand—
Fought for their homes against vile usurpation—
'Gainst tyrants and traitors defending their land.

Patriots who died on the field on the scaffold—
For home and for country 'gainst tyranny's might—
Though beaten in war and their highest hopes baffled—
Their sons shall succeed them and triumph for right.

Scatter their tombs with the brightest flow'rs known!
A patriot's grave is the holiest place
That a people reveres or a nation can own—
The pride of his country, his kindred, his race!

Impoverished Blood causes that tired feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood, giving new life and increased vigor and vitality.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, biliousness, headache.

ST. THOMAS COURT, C. O. F.

On Monday, May 4, St. Thomas Court of Hyde Park installed their officers for the ensuing term. The occasion was public, and a large number of the residents of St. Thomas' parish were present. The gentlemen elected and installed were F. R. Bagley, C. R.; M. C. Ryan, V. C. R.; James Kenny, Rec. Sec.; A. J. Shea, Fin. Sec.; D. Gleason, Treas.; Thomas McDermott, M. J. Haggerty, William Ryan, Trustees; James O'Brien, L. Theiss, Conductors. Col. P. M. Clowry, Deputy High Chief Ranger, was installing officer and filled the position with that dignity which always distinguishes that veteran Forester.

After the ceremony speeches were made by High Secretary Thiele, Rev. James O'Callaghan, Col. Clowry and John T. Keating. Songs from F. R. Bagley, M. C. Ryan, Hon. W. J. Kelly, Timothy Ryan and F. Schulte, with a recitation by J. Galvin, lent much to the amusement and variety of the entertainment. The address of the Rev. Father O'Callaghan evidenced the appreciation by the reverend gentleman of the principles and methods of the Order. The edifying demonstration on Sunday, when the court approached holy communion in a body, was referred to as proof of their fidelity to the precepts of Mother Church. The effect of the demeanor of Foresters on the community in which they are organized was dwelt on in emphatic and eloquent words. He closed by wishing Court St. Thomas success and prosperity.

High Secretary Thiele spoke in earnest terms of the benefit of the Order to Catholic young men, and the wonderful growth of the society during its thirteen years of existence. The cosmopolitan features of the organization were cleverly touched on, with witty references to its ready acceptance and support by Catholics irrespective of their nationality. He narrated, in well-chosen words, his experience of the society in other States, and expressed his confidence in the future of the Order and its possibilities for good wherever it is organized.

The evening was pleasant in the informal nature of the programme, and the happy harmony which prevailed. The repetition of the same cannot fail to have a healthy effect on the membership and bring the social features of St. Thomas Court into prominence.

GAELIC POETRY.

Dan Mairgeala na n Gaodhal.

BY DR. DOUGLAS HYDE.

Feuch sinn-ne, clann na h-Eireann
Rugadh ar an oileán so,
Támaoid bailigthe ar ár sléibhtibh
Mar budh ghnáthach linn fad o,
Feuch na-h-airm ar ár ngualaia
Ní'l aon ghunn' ná piocé linn
M' anam! d'fheicfidhe iad go luath linn,
Da mbeidh' Eire 'g iarraidh sin!
Ar son Eireann támaoid bailigthe
Támaoid cruinighthe ar an sliabh,
Gan aon eagla, gan aon fhaitchios
Gan aon sgannradh acht roimh Dia.

Tá an Sacsanach 'na ghamach!
Snámhuidhe bócht gan spreacadh é!
Támaoid uasal uaibhreach láidir,
Ní mar iad ta sinn-ne a Dhé!
A n-ár neart atá ár muinighin
A n-ár g-crédhacht déthobais féin
Clann na-h-Eireann, shocht Mhilésius
Muinntir gaisgidheach uaibhreach treun.
Ar son Eireann támaoid bailigthe
Támaoid cruinighthe ar an sliabh,
Gan aon eagla, gan aon fhaitchios
Gan aon sgannradh acht roimh Dia.

D'fhág ár n-aithreacha 'na ndiaigh
Cogadh fada, cogadh dubh!
Tá an chonspóid sin gan críochnughadh
Tamoidh fein ag troid andiá.
Rugamar ár móid 's ár mionna.
Leanfamaoid do'n chogadh so;
Padraig Sairsuil Riobard Emóid,
Siad leanfamaoid go déo!
Ar son Eireann támaoid bailigthe
Támaoid cruinighthe ar an sliabh,
Gan aon eagla, gan aon fhaitchios,
Gan aon sgannradh acht roimh Dia.

(Translation)

Marching Song of the Gaelic Athletes.

We, the numerous men of Eire,
Born beneath her pleasant skies,
To our gathering in our mountains,
In our thousands we arise.
See the weapons on our shoulders,
Neither gun nor pike we bear,
But should Ireland call upon us,
Ireland soon should find them there.
All for Ireland thinking, working,
Marching on our own green sod,
Nothing shunning, nothing shirking,
Fearing nothing save our God.

Different from the creeping Saxon,
We are men of other minds,
Glorying in our own green valleys,
Glorying in our mountain winds,
Glorying in our Gaelic manhood,
In our might as men we stand,
We the blue blood of the Gaeldom,
Irish heart and open hand!
All for Ireland thinking, working,
Marching on our own green sod,
Nothing shunning, nothing shirking,
Fearing nothing save our God.

Heirs of many a grand tradition
That can never fade nor fail,
We have sworn to still upholy them,
True to Ireland are the Gael.
Mindful of our great instructers—
Sarsfield, Emmet, Davis, Tone—
On our own right hand relying,
In ourselves we trust alone.
All for Ireland thinking, working,
Marching on our own green sod,
Nothing shunning, nothing shirking,
Fearing nothing save our God.
—*Shan Van Vocht.*

The Hogan Tribute.

The committee who have interested themselves in getting up a testimonial to Martin J. Hogan appeal to all patriotic Irishmen in this worthy cause, and gratefully acknowledge the following contributions:

Previously acknowledged	$55 00
Kickham Scanlan	5 00
A Friend	3 00
Thomas Brenan	1 00
John K. Prindiville	1 00
Ed Cullerton	1 00
Redmond Prindiville	1 00
William Dillon	2 00

All contributions sent to Mrs. M. J. Hogan, 101 Washburne avenue, Chicago, will be duly ackaowledged.

COMMITTEE.

NAPOLEON.

So much has been written about Napoleon of late, in book form and magazine, that it is refreshing to find so judicious a summing up as that furnished by M. J. G., the brilliant writer under the title of "At Dodsley's," in the Montreal Gazette:

"It seems perfectly useless to go on speculating about the character and career of Napoleon Bonaparte. Year by year the materials for such speculation increase; and year by year the difficulties in the way of impartial opinion increase with them. Lord Acton in his lecture at Cambridge on the study of history, suggests that the materials for history have been accumulating with such rapidity that histories will have to be prepared by commissions. Indeed, there would have to be a commission for each event, or each century, in each country; and the individual historian would become impossible. The history of the campaign and career of Napoleon Bonaparte would, in such case, require the largest and ablest commission of all. For his is one of the most complete characters in history, and his adventures have had no parallels. There is no form of eulogy, no form of obloquy, which has not been exercised in his regard. The bullets of a hundred battles were not thicker about him than the paper pellets of his critics have been. He has survived them both. He has survived the enmities of declared foes; the malice of traitors; the foolishness of loquacious friends. The baseness which all the world knows has not been able to obscure seriously the glory which all time will witness. He is Intellect, without Conscience, and with a sword in its hand. The world recognizes power and rejoices in it and submits to it; and Napoleon was Power incarnate. We have said he was without conscience, but he was not without humane qualities. He had so many of the lighter qualities as to endear him to those who were about him in positions which did not require them to share his graver secrets or incur his greater responsibilities. It was partnership in such momentous and sometimes awful responsibilities which opened up his mind to his associates and showed what dark and gloomy recesses were in it. While we contemplate his glory and see him in his lighter hours it is not easy to believe how deep those mental caverns were; and when once we have shuddered on the brink of these, we find it hard to believe that he could ever be smiling, gracious and kind. In the end, no matter how various our studies may have been, we are not far from where we began; the labyrinth has led us over much ground but has not brought us to any definite conclusion—we come out near where we entered, and all that we know is that we have been confused."

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

Robert Emmet Council.

Robert Emmet Council, of the Irish National Alliance, will hold its next meeting on Sunday, May 17, at 2 p. m., in Columbia hall, Halsted and Thirty-seventh streets. All Irishmen and Irish-Americans who believe in Ireland's right to independence are invited to attend and join the council. Good speakers will be present. Ladies specially invited to attend.

P. F. HOLDEN, Sec.

A Council for South Evanston.

A new council of the Irish National Alliance will be organized this (Saturday) evening, May 9, in Ducat's hall, South Evanston. Many prominent members of several Chicago councils will attend and fully explain the objects and aims of the Irish National Alliance. Chicago members are cordially invited to attend.

CHARLES O'DONOGHUE,
JOHN MOORE,
C. A. MALONE,
Committee on Organization.

Parnell Council.

Parnell Council, Irish National Alliance, will meet Sunday, May 10, at 3 p. m., in Corcoran's hall, Forty-seventh street and Princeton avenue. All members are urgently requested to be present as business of importance is to be transacted.

P. J. REYNOLDS, Pres.
J. T. SCOTT, Sec.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received half [illegible] and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, John P. Sutton, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

NORA McGILL.

BY LENA GYLES.

The ways of a woman,
Solomon said,
Would puzzle a wise man
Alive or dead;
An faith! I'm thinkin'
He'd say so still,
If ever he met with
Nora McGill.

The wiles of a woman,
Anthony said,
Were past believin'
An' better fled;
An' faith I'm thinkin'
He'd say so still,
If ever he'd looked on
Nora McGill.

The word of a woman,
Malachi said,
Was as easy snapt
As a spider's thread;
An' faith I'm thinkin'
He'd say so still,
If ever he talked with
Nora McGill.

An' yet there's nothin'
That can compare
With the blue of her eyes
An' the black of her hair;
An' faith I'm thinkin'
She likes me still,
The while she's plaguin' me,
Nora McGill.

Joseph Banigan's Gift.

Mr. Joseph Banigan a few days ago presented to the Rev. John Harty of the Church of the Sacred Heart, East Providence, a check for $25,000 as a contribution to the fund being raised to pay for the new convent of St. Francis Xavier of the Sisters of Mercy, on Broad street, Providence, R. I. Father Harty has had charge of the construction of the new convent, and upon him has devolved the main duty of raising funds to pay for the building, in addition to superintending its erection. His labors have been successful to a high degree, and the $100,000 structure, when completed, will have an indebtedness of but little more than $20,000. Up to a few days ago, however, the outlook was not so bright, the apparent indebtedness being nearer $50,000 than $20,000. Mr. Banigan visited the new building, and after a thorough inspection left a check for Father Harty for $25,000. It is likely that the new building will be thrown open to public inspection in two or three weeks, although the Sisters will not occupy it until the summer vacation.

NOTABLE WEDDING IN PARIS.

The Duke of Magenta, Son of Marshal MacMahon, Married to Princess Marguerite of Orleans.

The religious marriage of Major Patrice de MacMahon, son of the late Marshal MacMahon, formerly president of France, to Princess Marguerite of Orleans was celebrated at Chantilly on the 23d ult. The civil marriage was celebrated on the 22d. The religious ceremony took place in the chapel of the chateau. The princess is the daughter of the Duc de Chartres and the sister of Prince Henry of Orleans.

In a recent number of the Irish Catholic Mr. T. D. Sullivan had the following regarding young MacMahon:

Many of our Irish papers have had interesting comments on the fact that Commandant Patrick MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, son of the illustrious soldier of that name, is shortly to be married to the Princess Margaret of Orleans, a descendant of the royal House of Bourbon. Among the other gifts and souvenirs which will have a place in their home will be the Irish Sword of Honor presented to the father of the present duke at the camp at Chalons by a deputation from Ireland on the 9th of September, 1860. The members of the deputation were Mr. John P. Leonard, John Mitchel, Dr. George Sigerson, Father Dempsey, and T. D. Sullivan. In reply to the address presented to him the Marshal said:

"Gentlemen, I am exceedingly touched by the sentiments which you have addressed to me, and I request you to say to the Irishmen whom you represent how grateful I feel for the testimony of esteem and sympathy which you offer me in their name. This testimony, by its spontaneous character, has proved to me that Green Erin has preserved those chivalrous ideas, that vivacity and warmth of heart, which have at all times distinguished her. I shall one day leave to my eldest son, Patrick, this magnificent sword. It shall be for him as it is for me, a new pledge of the close ties which ought to unite him, for ever to the noble country of his ancestors."

I may perhaps be excused if I mention the fact that when he was a little boy of 4 years old I published some verses addressed to the young gentleman who is now about to be married. The occasion arose in this way: After MacMahon's great victory over the Austrians, at Magenta, in Italy, the Paris correspondent of the Nation had the following paragraph in his letter, published in that journal on the 18th of June, 1859:

"The first flag planted on the Malakoff (in the Crimea) was sent by the brave General to his lovely wife, and for several days it formed the glorious curtain [illegible] cradle in which a future hero reposed. The [illegible] agents] on [illegible] be in the hands of the noble young boy Patrick MacMahon."

This was enough to set me a scribbling, and I presently turned off and published in the Nation of the same date some verses addressed to "Patrick McMahon, Junior," three of which I here append:

Young Patrick MacMahon, I greet you,
From Erin's green isle o'r the sea!
Good fortune surround and be with you
My countrymen wish you with me—
For *his* sake who gave to you proudly
His own old Hibernian name,
And now makes all France shout it loudly
And Europe re-echo the same.

But *young* Pat, I've got an idea
That *old* Pat—whose brilliant renown
Shot up in the dreadful Crimea
As Russia's black eagle went down—
Whose brows are by Fame in her bounty,
With Italy's laurels now dight,
Somewhat nearer to Monaghan county
Might gather a garland as bright.

* * * * *

Be sure, Pat, you've dear little cousins
In Erin's green fields by the score;
And stout strapping uncles by dozens,
And friends like the sands on the shore
Who'd rush to the Marshal to meet him
To welcome and bless his advance,
And be only well pleased to see with him
His whole gallant legion from France.

And this last line reminds me that on the occasion of the sword presentation, when the members of the Irish deputation were being entertained at a brilliant banquet by the Marshal at his headquarters, one of our party said to General Count Sutton de Clonard (who was of Irish descent): "I should like to see you in Ireland, General." "I should like to be there," he replied, "at the head of my brigade."

OBITUARY.

MOTHER MARY AGATHA BONFIELD.

Mother Mary Agatha Bonfield died at the Convent of Mercy, No. 2834 Wabash avenue, on Friday morning week, after a brief illness. She was 59 years old, and had been in the convent for the last thirty-five years. The deceased was a sister of Inspector Bonfield and Mrs. James Cowan of this city. She came to Chicago fifty years ago, and joined the Order fifteen years later. Mother Bonfield originally entered the convent when it was located at Wabash avenue and Madison street, before the big fire. Her death was sudden and unexpected. Ten days ago she complained of feeling ill. Last Sunday week she was compelled to abandon her duties and summon a physician. She sank gradually, and expired at an early hour. Funeral mass was held at the convent chapel at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, the 26th ult. It was celebrated by Bishop Burke, of St. Joseph, Mo., assisted by Rev. Messrs. Kelly, of St. Cecelia's; Reardon, of St. Elizabeths'; Burns, of St. Patrick's; Gillan, of All Saints; Tighe, of Holy Angels, and Dorney, of San Gabriel's. Interment was at Calvary.

MISS ADDIE M. KINZIE.

Miss Addie M. Kinzie, daughter of Lieut. George H. Kinzie, adjutant of the Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., died on the 25th ult., at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Mary Kinzie, 246 Oak street. She was 17 years old and a pupil at the Ogden school. The funeral took place at the residence of her uncle John Black, 509 LaSalle avenue. The interment was at Graceland cemetery.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

The Cunard Line.

The Campania arrived at Queenstown May 1, at 8 a.m.

The Lucania arrived at New York May 1, at 3 p.m.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

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Dr. J. B. Walker.

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FONDLED HERCULES.

THE GIFTED ELEPHANT TRAINER RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE.

Had an Idea He Was Born For the Business of Animal Training, and For Awhile Everything Ran Smoothly, but Now He Sticks to Rhinoceroses.

"Did you ever fondle an elephant in a zoological garden?" asked the man with the lop shoulder as he looked around on the group which had been smoking and talking.

No one ever had, and he was invited to give his experience.

"Up to about ten years ago," he said as he settled down, "I had an idea that I was born for an animal trainer, with elephants as my particular specialty. I never went to New York, Philadelphia or Cincinnati without going to the zoo and fondling the elephants. Many and many a time I have astonished the keepers and raised a great row by walking right up to an elephant and shaking hands with him, as it were. And they really took to me. When that big, bad elephant, Tippo Said, of the New York zoo was killing his keepers and smashing up things, I entered his den and pulled his ears and patted his trunk and got up such a friendship between us that he couldn't bear to let me go."

"Well, what next?" asked the man with the cat's eye ring on his little finger.

"I got stuck on myself as a matter of course. I wanted to be an elephant trainer and do with the big beasts what no other trainer had ever dared try, but somehow I could never strike a job. That didn't prevent me from seeing the elephants at every opportunity, however, and keeping in touch with them. One day I got around to Philadelphia and was told that an elephant called Hercules had been in bad humor for a week or two. They had him chained to the floor and his keeper daren't go within ten feet of him, while a man stood in front of the cage and warned the public to keep at a safe distance. I'd seen the beast a dozen times before, and on two occasions he had lifted me up on his back with his trunk. I am sure he knew me on this occasion, but he gave me no greeting."

"But you were determined to fondle him just the same?" queried the cat's eye man in a vinegary voice.

"Of course," replied the narrator. "It was an occasion I had been longing for years. I wanted to show a professional trainer what I could do in the way of pacifying and humbling an ugly elephant, but for half an hour they watched me so closely that I had no show to get at old Hercules. The time came, however, and I slipped into his cage and walked right up to him and began to speak loving words and caress his trunk. Gentlemen, excuse these two tears—the first I have shed for years—but my emotions always overcome me at this stage of the game."

"What are you crying about?" queerly demanded the baldheaded man in the big rocking chair.

"At the recollection of what occurred then and there. I hadn't fondled that miserable critter over three fondles and hadn't time to feel conceited over my smartness when he picked me up and waved me aloft and threw me slam bang against the planks of his cage. But for the quickness of some of the zoo folks in coming to my rescue I'd have been a dead man in another minute. They handled me out o' that with hooks, and the beast was so mad at my escape that he broke one of his tusks off in banging around. People a mile away could hear him scream in his rage. Everybody said it was a wonder how I escaped with my life. My left leg and left arm were broken, my spine injured, a kneecap loosened, and I didn't get over spitting blood for a year. I was in a hospital in Philadelphia for 207 days before I could walk out. Gentlemen, here are two more tears. May I depend on your generosity to excuse them as before?"

"What you sniveling about now?" shouted the baldheaded man as he turned on him.

"More recollections, sir. I was no sooner able to be out than I was arrested, tried and convicted on the charge of fondling an elephant, and the judge socked me $25 and costs. The whole affair cost me $428, saying nothing of my sufferings and lost time."

"And after that you left the elephant training business alone?"

"Yes, after that," replied the lop shouldered man in broken tones, "I let up on elephants and gave my whole attention to rhinoceroses. Excuse my seeming conceit, gentlemen, but I am the only man in the world who can make a rhinoceros stand on his head and spin about like a top. He also plays 'Home, Sweet Home' on the accordion at my bidding and will sit cross legged with a pair of spectacles on and pretend to read the good book which our mothers taught us to respect."

There was silence for a long minute after he had finished. Then every man rose up and called him a lop shouldered liar and a horse thief and left him to enjoy his own miserable society.—Detroit Free Press.

Saltiest of Seas.

Some idea of the saltiness of the waters of the Dead sea may be gained from the comparison made below. The Dead sea is situated in Palestine, 20 miles east of Jerusalem. It is 35 miles long and from 10 to 15 miles wide, with an average depth of 20 fathoms (120 feet). Common ocean water contains but 30 parts of salt to the 1,000. That of the Dead sea contains 250 parts to the 1,000, which makes the briny solution exactly one-fourth salt.

After the rags used in the manufacture of paper have been ground to a pulp caustic lye is mixed with the product in order to reduce the small, hard particles that are found in the pulp, and which, if left, would make knots in the paper.

TEETH MAKE MANY ILLS.

The Evils Which Follow Imperfect Mastication May Be Avoided.

"It would take too long to enumerate the many ills which may spring from imperfect teeth," said Dr. Derby. "Of course one who has good teeth knows their value, but not enough people know what to do to keep them always in proper condition. Neither can you tell one just what is necessary at all times. The removal of all foreign susbtances from any contact with the dentine is of course the primary necessity in considering the preservation of the teeth.

"One of the first reasons why one should have perfect teeth is the influence they exert over the digestion. To secure proper assimilation the process of mastication should be thorough. Nothing less will accomplish the results intended. If this process is incomplete, all the attendant evils of indigestion are likely to follow. Thus the question of health is interposed as a primary one. Freedom from aches and pains and appearance take secondary places.

"Of the many forms of neuralgia which cause such excruciating suffering a great many owe their existence entirely to the presence of faulty teeth. They can be remedied only by the proper treatment of the diseased roots. When this is done, a number of nervous disorders respond readily to the ordinary medical treatment. Toothache, pure and simple, must be considered as an attendant of improperly cared for teeth. It is an old saying that the man who finds an absolute remedy for and preventive of toothache will make a big fortune.

"Of course the primary instruction to one who is suffering from bad teeth is to see a dentist. The exposed surface of the teeth, the enamel, must be kept perfect and whole. Any breaks in it must be immediately reparied and any wearing away or decaying of the structure must be built up if one expects to secure all the perfect results for which the teeth were designed by nature. Constant brushing and cleaning and any good nonacid wash will do much to keep the teeth in good repair.

"Of course you know the story of the man who, when his teeth were admired, gave the following reasons for their perfect condition: I always brush them, night and morning and after eating, and leave them in a glass of salt water while I am asleep."—San Francisco Examiner.

HE SNEEZED A BULLET.

Peculiar Experience of a Man Who Was Wounded In the Civil War.

Colonel Sidney Cooke of Herrington, Kan., one of the managers of the National Soldiers' home, tells of a peculiar experience in the army during the civil war. At the outbreak of the war he was a strapping New England boy, with strength and vitality which stood him well during his army life.

After taking part in several engagements Colonel Cooke was shot in the head and left on the battlefield as dead. The Federals retreated from the [illegible] and the Confederates in occupied. Colonel Cooke, who was then a private, was aroused to consciousness by some one tugging at his boots. The boots were very fine and the pride of his boyish heart, having been given to him by the dear ones at home.

"Ain't you dead, Yank?" asked the Confederate as he ceased tugging to remove the boots from the feet of the wounded boy.

On being assured that Cooke was not dead a compromise was effected. The Confederate brought the Union soldier some water and carried him to a Confederate surgeon. In return he secured the coveted boots.

Cooke had a long convalescence and finally recovered sufficiently to be sent to Andersonville prison, where he suffered, in addition to the privations of prison life, great pain from his wound. This suffering continued even after his release and his discharge from the army at the close of the war.

One day, long after the war was over, Colonel Cooke, who had settled in Kansas, was seized with a violent spell of sneezing. Just in the midst of it the bullet was expelled from his nose.—Chicago Record.

Reading the Newspaper.

"What a newspaper reading people we are!" said Mr. Gozlim. "It seems as though everybody reads newspapers. In an elevated car the other day I saw a little child less than a year old which was reading a newspaper, or which seemed to be. The father had been reading the paper really, but the baby, sitting on its father's knee, had clutched at it, and finally the father placed it in the child's little hands, and it sat there, holding the paper in front of itself, and looking at it soberly, and now and then looking up at its father, and all this so pleased a gentleman with a gray mustache, who sat opposite, that when he got up to go out he chucked the baby gently under the chin and smiled at it as he passed."—New York Sun.

A Taking Title.

"Your play is good enough," said the veteran manager after he had read it through, "but it needs a better title than 'Sticketh Closer Than a Brother.' With such a name as that it won't draw."

"How would 'The Mustard Plaster' do?" suggested the struggling artist anxiously.—London Tit-Bits.

They Disagreed.

Langley—Don't you think Jack treats things altogether too seriously?

Seaber—Not much! He took that $5 bill I was kind enough to loan him last month and has treated it as a joke ever since.—Detroit Free Press.

Stop not, unthinking, every friend you meet, to spin your wordy fabric in the street. While you are emptying your colloquial pack the fiend lumbago jumps upon your back.—O. W. Holmes.

Men are so constituted that everybody undertakes what he sees another successful in, whether he has aptitude for it or not.—Goethe.

CUISINE SECRETS.

TRICKS OF THE COOKS AND THE MARKETMEN OF PARIS.

Counterfeit Bubbles on Bouillon, Artificial Ham Bones, Stamped Cocks' Combs and Varnished Turkey Legs Are Some of the Parisian Deceptions.

We often hear people who have paid 25 minute visits to Paris talk of the beauties of Parisian cuisine. Here are a few of them. Just as the Parisians, like the cockney coffeehouse keepers, have found out how to make coffee without coffee, so have also the Parisian restaurateurs found out how to make bouillon, or beef tea, without beef. At the gargotes, the lowest class of Paris restaurants, a species of very ingenious fraud has now been common for over half a century and maybe more. It consists in passing off warm water, colored and flavored with burned onions and caramel and into which some little grease bubbles have been injected, as soup. It is true that bones which have been twice stewed, first by the larger restaurants and secondly by the inferior class of traiteurs and cast away as done with, are stewed in this water for the third time, in order that it may be impregnated, if possible, with some particle of animal substance; but, as this operation fails to impart to it these little greasy bubbles which the French term "eyes," and for which the shrewd frequenters of these establishments invariably look in order to satisfy themselves that the broth they drink has been actually made from meat, a clever cook got over the difficulty by blowing a spoonful of fish oil, which, falling into the caldron or soup tureen, formed the eyes so dear to epicures.

Parisians of a certain class are inordinate eaters of ham—in fact, almost as many hams are eaten in Paris as could be furnished by all the pigs killed throughout the whole of France, even allowing for both shoulder and leg being cured in accordance with French practice. The demand used—and may be now—to be supplied in this wise. The dealers in cooked hams bought up the old ham bones at a couple of sous a piece and ingeniously inserted them into pieces of picked pork, which they trimmed into shape and coated with grated crusts. In this way many bones did duty hundreds of times over, lasting, in fact, for years. They would leave the dealers in the morning and frequently return to them the same night, to quit them again the following day. Nevertheless the supply could hardly keep pace with the demand. Only fancy the inconvenience of having to wait for your ham until your neighbor's servant took back the ham bone which the charcutier relied upon receiving yesterday! It was to obviate such a state of things that an ingenious individual conceived the idea of manufacturing ham bones wholesale, and ere long he drove a thriving trade at 10 sous a dozen, since which time the stock of hams has augmented and the delicacy has become less difficult of attainment. Much in the same way another ingenious individual, knowing the immense consumption of cocks' combs in Paris for ragouts, coquilles of cocks' combs and vol-au-vents and seeing the high prices the said cocks' combs commanded owing to the limited supply, set to work to minister to the demand and duly established himself as a manufacturer of cocks' combs. So extensive was the trade done by him that he found it necessary to set up a small steam engine. He was a great enthusiast and was accustomed to pride himself upon the artificial cocks' combs which emanated from his atelier being greatly superior to the natural article.

This is the way our artist went to work. As the same method is largely worked at this day in London as well as in Paris—ay, and in New York and New Orleans—we purposely use the present tense for a time. He takes the palate of a bullock, cow, calf, sheep or goat—either will do, though he prefers the first. After having blanched it in boiling water he macerates it and detaches the flesh of the palatic vault without in the slightest degree deranging it and then places it under a stamping machine, which punches out cocks' combs more perfect in shape than those produced by nature, yet sufficiently resembling them to deceive the connoisseurs. Still, there is a way of detecting the artificial production—the cocks' combs of clumsy nature have papillæ on both sides, whereas those of art have them only on one. Counterfeit cocks' combs are sold as low as 4 sous the dozen in Paris to poulterers, keepers of restaurants, pastry cooks, etc., and at 6 sous to cooks in private families.

Apropos of our subject, this man, in his intercourse with poulterers, got to learn that when they did not sell their turkeys off at once they were obliged to lower the price about one-fifth every subsequent day or submit to a loss, although the turkey might present the same appearance of freshness that it did when first killed. And yet no cook could be deceived, and this solely because the bird's legs, which were black and shiny on the day of its death, assumed a more and more grayish tone as time went on. This was quite sufficient for our man of genius. The shrewd manufacturer of cocks' combs hastened home and set to work to compound a varnish which should defy the attacks of time and render turkeys' legs ever fresh and youthful. In a couple of days he returned triumphant to the market and furnished the best proof of his success by deceiving the dealers themselves. Trials were next made upon the public, and turkeys with varnished legs were offered to the cunningest cooks, who, deceived by appearances, made their purchases without demanding the customary abatement, and the conservation of the brilliant luster of turkeys' legs became from that time forward a regular trade, which certainly says little for the honesty of the poulterers, less for the judgment of the cooks, and least of all for the assumed delicacy of taste of the Parisian gourmets.—London Globe.

ROBIN IN THE RAIN.

Listen to that soaring strain!
It is robin in the rain.
Sitting there aloft, aloft,
Underneath his leafy roof,
Pouring from his throbbing throat
Note upon ecstatic note,
Rapture in the swift refrain—
Robin in the rain!

Hearken to the song he sings,
Tiny chorister with wings!
"After all the grief and gloom
Brighter blue the skies will bloom;
After all the cloudy woe
Earth with gladder gold will glow;
Joy will triumph over pain"—
Robin in the rain!

—Clinton Scollard in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ONE SPORTSMAN'S AMBITION.

It Is to Hunt In the Undiscovered Patches Along America's Coast.

"I'll tell you what I would like to do," said a man whose life is spent roving about from city to lumber camp and from park to forest. "I would like to own a schooner fit to weather any gale on the seas and travel in it up and down the American coast from Labrador to Cape Horn and north again to Bering strait. There's a whole lot of odd places one could visit seldom or never heard of.

"Take it about Cape Hatteras. Now, what do you know about the mainland alongshore there? What can you tell of the people in the swamps there and of the game these people find in the woods? It's so little, you have to guess at it. Then there is a whole lot of the gulf of Mexico's shore line, not to mention the islands and lands south of there. Why, only the other day I heard of a tribe of Indians on some islands somewhere down that way that buy buckshot to kill deer with and poor shotguns, using only a dram of powder for a charge. Just think what sport a fellow with a good rifle would have among them—if they'd let him. What is more, they pay for what they buy with pure gold, and if ever a white man visited them he did not come back to tell about it, nor will the Indians say where they got their stuff.

"When you come to think about it, the sportsman nosing about in these out of the way places could get more game and curiosities than he could get out of Blue Mountain park or from any other of the big preserves.

"I hope to make just such a trip some time. I'll take a 45-90, a 10 gauge, a 20 gauge and a target pistol, with stacks of fishing tackle of all kinds and no end of ammunition. The specimens I will gather will pay for the trip, as I shall go along prepared to skin and dry anything from a tapir to a crocodile, from a condor to a beetle, not to mention snakes and other things."—New York Sun.

Tree Climbing Rabbits.

The London Field has an item that is likely to call out a discussion among English correspondents of that paper. A man writes that "when shooting with a friend in Banffshire last December my friend called out, 'There's a rabbit up a tree!' Sure enough one was there at least ten feet from the ground. The tree was an upright fir, and the man had seen the rabbit run up the smooth bark as easily as a squirrel. The rabbit stopped on the first branch to look down.

What is more, "there is a lot of blown timber in the wood, and I suppose the rabbits have got accustomed to climbing on it, for I have often seen them jump on to a root and run up the slanting trunk till they were sometimes 15 feet from the ground," which must have been a dizzy height for an animal of such ground habits.

Corroborative letters will probably come in, and rabbits will have an established reputation as climbers. It is said that in Australia the imported rabbits have begun to develop hooked claws, with the aid of which they are able to climb the rabbit proof fences.

A large number of animals with habits acquired because of environment have been noted from time to time—foxes that climb trees, rats that are beasts of prey, birds that build nests adapted to certain conditions, and so on indefinitely.

Her Dilemma.

They met at the linen counter, and the girl in blue looked so sadly perplexed that the girl in brown said sympathetically:

"Why, May, what is the matter? You look so miserable."

"I'm bothered," acknowledged May. "You see, Rudolph and I quarreled bitterly last night. And to save my life I can't make up my mind whether to go on buying household linens in expectation of a reconciliation or to buy me an organdie to begin a new campaign."

"It is bothering," agreed the girl in brown. "Ah! We women have so many hard problems to solve!"—New York Journal.

Her Hope.

"This X ray is doing wonders for mankind," he remarked.

"Yes," his wife replied. "It has done lots for mankind. Maybe it'll be developed in the course of time to where it will enable womankind to see whether her hat is on straight or not without looking in the glass."—Washington Star.

Ancient Timber.

Probably the oldest timber in the world is found in the ancient temples of Egypt in connection with stone work which is known to be at least 4,000 years old. This, the only wood used in the construction of the temples, is in the form of ties, holding the end of one stem to another.

"The dog watch," a term used by sailors, was once the dodge watch, a short watch being introduced between those longer in duration in order that too great an amount of work should not be put upon the same men in the course of the day.

The biggest and best marked mocking birds are found within a belt of 50 miles north and 50 miles south of San Antonio.

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TWO SNAKE STORIES.

TOLD BY A GENTLEMAN WHO IS AWAY UP IN SERPENTOLOGY.

Snakes That Should Not Be Killed—How the Black Snake Hunts and Captures Its Food—Sensations a Ship Person a Python Who Had Already Taken Possession.

"Sit down and sharpen your pencil, while I overhaul my menial shelves," remarked Mr. Thompson, curator of the zoological collection in the park, in answer to a request for some snake stories.

"Before giving you some of my experiences I want to enter a protest against the indiscriminate slaughter of our common harmless snakes, such as the black snake, garter snakes and the like. Every farmer should protect them, for they are beneficial, instead of being harmful, as is generally supposed by a large majority of humanity. Any naturalist will tell you that the food of the black snake consists largely of rats, mice, etc., while that of the garter snake is principally insects, such as grasshoppers, caterpillars, etc.

"Now for some of my experiences. In my younger days I was cruising Ashby's gap, over the Blue Ridge, Virginia, in company with an uncle of the famous Black Horse Cavalry Scouts. We were making a portion of the ascent through quite a deep cut, when our attention was attracted by a black snake rolled instead of hopped down the side slope. Ashby pulled up the horse and said, 'There's a black snake after that fellow.' An instant after the snake thrust his head through the fence, and on observing us drew back. In the meanwhile the toad had gathered himself together, and was hopping at a lively gait up the road. Ashby remarked, 'Now I will show you something,' and sprang out of the buggy and caught the toad, which he carried a short distance and released. Resuming, he turned the buggy and drove back down the road some 50 steps, when we alighted and hitched the horses. Looking over the fence on the opposite side of the road to that on which the snake had made his appearance we stealthily watched our war to until we came to sight of the point where he was first seen. Lying down in the long grass and peering through the rails, we did not have to wait long before the snake reappeared.

"He looked about for a few seconds, and then, following the ridges down which the toad had sailed, he followed his trail to the exact spot where he had left the road, when he began retracing the steps of the toad, not loosing the scent. He gradually increased his size of his circle until he struck the spot where the toad had been put down, when he made a bee line after it. He went into the road and hurried after his snakeship, who as soon as he discovered that he was being followed struck up the slope and squirmed out of sight through the fence. Ashby said, 'I am sure you are satisfied now that a black snake is a friend indeed.'

"Now I shall have to take you out to South Africa. I lived in Durban, Natal, which is about 1,000 miles around the Cape of Good Hope, up toward Madagascar. One morning I received a note from the port captain, asking me to come down to the harbor with all possible dispatch, as a python had taken possession of a German brig and I was wanted to capture it. Taking one of my keepers with me, I hurried down, and found quarters aboard one of the lighters, which was the craft of the brig. On inquiry I learned that there had been a shower of rain the night, and in the morning the mate, had crawled one of the men to go aloft and shake out the sails, to dry them. He started up, and on reaching the maintop turned and came down on the clean run. The air was instantly rendered in hades and numerous other places, while the valiant mate started aloft to attend to matters on his own hook. No sooner did he head get on a level with the top than he came down at a gait which far excelled that of the disobedient sailor. Leaping over the bulwarks, and from the shore. The result was one large python, coiled around the legs of the main and topmast. And such a yell! I managed, after much persuasion, to get two of the crew to pull myself and keeper of to the brig, where we soon had the animal back to the lighter. I unrove the flag halyards, made a noose in one end of them, and, getting astride of the animal I shoved a piece of reed some six or eight feet in length. Climbing up the shrouds I made myself secure to the lubber's hole by punching his snakeship with the reed, to the end of which I had tied the noose. He first bored down through the hole for the purpose of fighting me, when he was instantly noosed around the neck and the halyards made fast to the rattlines. In his violent efforts to effect a release he drew back with such force as nearly to choke himself into insensibility. Calling to the keeper to hold the mouth of the sack open, I watched until I saw he was nearly at his last gasp, when I squirmed up on the top, loosened his coils around the boats, lowered him into the sack, when the keeper immediately cut the noose. By the time that I reached the deck he had nearly recovered from the severe wind system. I gently opened the mouth of the sack to have a good look at him and deliberately fenin his bloated appearance that he had recently partaken of a hearty meal. On the arrival of the crew on board it was discovered that the captain's fat terrier was missing. I therefore concluded that the python, in swimming across the harbor, had struck the vessel's bowser, up which he had crawled on to the deck, swallowed the dog and gone aloft to digest his meal."—Buffalo Commercial.

SCIENTIFIC HITTING PAYS.

Spalding Tells How He Was Able to Place the Ball Anywhere.

"Before I joined the Boston Red Stockings," said A. G. Spalding recently, "I used to go up to the bat with the sole object in view of hitting the ball safely, and as often as I could, without any idea as to what part of the field it would go or on the ground or in the air. All I thought of was to 'knock it out of the lot,' as the boys say. But I soon found that there was something more in batting than that. I think I got my first idea of what batting should be from defending my wicket in cricket when we went to England on that baseball tour in 1874. At any rate, I got into the habit of trying to place the ball, instead of hitting at random, and from that time I realized that to try to tap the ball to right field over the heads of the infielders and short of the catching reach of the outfielders was about the right caper.

"The new method of batting the ball, I remember, came to me all of a sudden. I had been for some months batting very poorly when the idea came to me. I began hit being the result in about eight of ten times at the bat, and even then I thought I could do something different, and, getting some one to pitch swift balls to me, I went in for tapping them to right field so that they would fall safely, and after a few trials up went my batting average of base hits at a good pace, and especially did my hitting prove useful when runners were on the bases. The boys began to want me to follow them at the bat, because I hit so as to bat them around toward home. Then it was that I first practically realized that a swiftly pitched ball to the bat which was fast tapped by the bat—that is, hit lightly, but not like a 'bunt'—would go to the field, there from the bat in a surprising speed; besides which, I could govern its direction better than it was possible in hitting it from the shoulder, as before.

"Talking of swift pitching," continued Mr. Spalding, "I don't think any of our old time pitchers could send in a pretty speedy ball under the rule of the present season. Under the rule of 1876 we could put in as much as we equaled the speed of the cyclone pitching of the present time which comes from the regulation delivery. Even by straining all our practice, we could not command the ball in delivery, as is possible under forward throwing."—New York Tribune.

THE GARBAGE CLEANER.

How He Is Employed and Some of His Pickings.

Written for the Cleveland Leader.

"That man is a slopper," remarked a police officer to a star writer a few mornings ago, "and he and his clan give us any amount of trouble. If he stole, we could reach him by the law, but as he don't steal, we can't touch him, reach him." In further explanation, he said: "A slopper is a man who scavenges the garbage cans for what he can find in the rear of hotels, boarding houses and private kitchens. Some only search for bones, which they sell to the glue factories, while others look for anything thrown into the garbage receptacle by careless servants, for it is a fact that there are many articles of value, silver and forks thrown away with the garbage than are stolen by servants, though the contrary idea seems to prevail. The slopper is generally an hour or so ahead of the garbage collector, and he is often more regular and careful in his rounds than the garbage man.

"'By industry we thrive,' as the line in the copy book says, and a good many of the sloppers do. A good west end route, especially one which takes in a number of boarding houses and hotels, will often feed second table ware to pay the expenses of his tour. Often he makes a rich find. Very frequently he finds a diamond ring or other article from the owners of the houses themselves, for he tells them he is on the lookout for any such thing and will return it to which he sells to those who have dogs to feed. Some sloppers are honest enough to return any silverware or jewelry to the dog mass privilege, but it is a terrible temptation to many, and one they cannot or do not at times withstand."—Washington Star.

Played Poker In a Pesthouse.

There has been a pronounced stand taken against gambling in some quarters at Port Townsend recently. The fire and police departments have been current to abandon card playing, and a full grown game has been broken up at the infirmary.

It appears that several of the inmates received a box of cigars and also a return a trifle occasionally for tobacco money by outside work. They have lately been supplied with a deck of cards, and the unfortunates who are skilled in the manipulation of the cards. They and the cigars were put in the hands of the attendant, and played in the basement of the building. A poker game in a pesthouse might be considered a novelty, but proved to be worth permitting to proceed as a curiosity, but Superintendent Meehan has decided that the patients must be kept under discipline.—Columbus Dispatch.

Perfumed Fluorid.

This is the latest fad with the women of the smart set. Its appearance is somewhat pretty exactly like that of the manufacturer, so that it is easily obtained. Perfumed fluorid is prepared by some secret process known only to the manufacturer, so that it is said to be absolutely harmless, and is also serving to exert every article in a lower degree. It is said by the yard, but is only to be had of the man who makes it and who is in Paris, but will forward it by mail. The perfume is said to be far more enduring than any of the perfumes known to us.—New York World.

A Negative Quality.

Prevent Admiral—Don't you think, Edmonds, that Miss De Myrn's has beautiful features?

Rejected Lover—She has one feature that I don't like very well.

"Which is that?"

"Her No.—Detroit Free Press.

"PERIOD" ROOMS.

Being a Dissertation on the Prevalent Forms of Tortures by Furniture.

One of the compensations of the impecunious is to watch the keen discomfort the rich experience in their efforts to spend their fortunes. Great is the joy, therefore, of the poor woman as she watches her sister, wife of one Croesus, convert her house into a museum of "rooms of periods."

It would be saddening if it were not infinitely comic to hear of the trials of one multimillionaire who is always keenly uncomfortable in his Greek drawing room because he can never find a book there. The Greeks, you see, did not have monthly magazines lying on their parlor tables. Accordingly the good gentleman's wife, architect and furnisher have impressed upon him the necessity of not spoiling the perfect Athenian atmosphere of the apartment by the introduction of un-Athenian features such as literature. In its seal for complete harmony the powerful tyrant-brute has not yet issued an order forbidding the master of the house to enter his drawing room except when clad in the Greek costume, but that is because even architects, furnishers and wives do not dare to be wholly consistent. Into the multimillionaire escapes from his Gothic library and thinks how inappropriate it is to read Dickens under a mediæval arched ceiling and by the light from a cathedral glass window.

Only multimillionaires, fortunately, have the wealth necessary to make themselves completely uncomfortable by Greek and Gothic rooms. But the ordinary plain millionaire has enough money to be made fairly miserable by Louis Quinze or Louis Seize drawing rooms, old Dutch reproductions in the line of dining rooms and bare colonial hallways. Comparatively small riches will go a long way toward making a family miserable once the "room" fever has entered into the veins of the family's possessor. Good, clean, homey women of mixed ancestry and heavy weight have felt exceeding discomfort at appointments furnished in Louis Seize gilt chairs belonging to the period of a French king of unhallowed memory. What does it profit a woman to furnish her room with the most perfect consistency if she herself must always be an inconsistency in it? Why, if she should the lover of good roast beef and large, inviting armchairs have to wander hopelessly about a room set with straight, harp backed chairs of colonial days, when repose was frowned upon and roast beef was too plebeian?

After all one must live more or less at home, even if one has money in abundance, and why should one come in succession of rooms furnished after models set by other lands and other times? Who really enjoys living in a house that is merely a large object lesson in Roman, Moorish, Japanese and Egyptian architecture and furniture? A house under orgies ought to be more than a museum of museum.—New York Journal.

ATOMS OF ELECTRICITY.

Is the Average Intelligence Capable of Grasping the Idea?

Have you any idea what "an atom of electricity" would look, feel, taste or smell like? In short, have you a mind that is capable of imagining what such an infinitesimal division of matter, comprehensible "fluid" would be? We think not. The writer has spent his life "delving in the realms of the unknown," yet he is free to confess that he has no more of an idea what an atom of electricity would be than has the man who has to be understood by the words "soul" and "eternity." But there are those who have been spending hours, days and weeks exploring and investigating in the bottomless ocean of electrical mysteries, and who have arrived at some startling conclusions. That such a thing as "an atom of electricity" exists has been believed in by a number of scientific electricians and philosophers, among them the honored Helmholts and our own Thomas A. Edison.

Working on the theories advanced by the former, Professor Richars, a well known European investigator, has made some experiments in that line that have startled even the electricians—men who come in daily contact with, directly, the most wonderful nature. According to a recent determination of Professor Richars, the smallest known atom of positive electricity—that which may properly be termed "an atom"—is such that 480 multiplied by 1,000,000 by 1,000,000 that is to say, by the cube of 1,000,000 —will give the number of atoms in a coulomb of electricity.—St. Louis Republic.

The Sedan Saddle.

The present ruler of the Sedan who sometimes spokes of as the Maddy Moslem, Mohammed Ahmed, died in June, 1885, a victim of his dissolute mode of life. He nominated as the successor to the throne (or Sedan saddle) the Caliph Abdullah, the horrors of whose rule have been so vividly portrayed by Slatin Pasha. The caliph is a Baggara of dark chocolate colored complexion, with a long and prominent nose. He is a man of short height, according to the Moslem custom. Owing to his sensuous mode of life he is now somewhat stout. He is unable to read. His palace at Obdurman is crowded with slaves, eunuchs and young boys, who are kept for his pleasure. He must have some hundreds.—New York Tipes.

The Malay Apple.

The chia, or Malay apple, is a common timber tree of the Hawaiian Islands, somewhat peculiar to that locality. On the island of Maui is a magnificent orchard of wild chias, extending from the sea shore to the mountains and measuring 30 miles in length by from 6 to 10 miles in width. The trees are from 40 to 50 feet in height, some of the largest yielding nearly 50 pounds of fruit, the total crop being said to be sufficient to fill a fleet of 100 steamers. The beautiful crimson or white apples, however, are unfit for transportation, as they last but a short time in a good condition.—Pugetar Science Monthly.

Society Directory.

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County Financial Secretary, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.

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The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 5 p. m.

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Meets First Friday of each month in Parnell Mother hall, Taylor and Miller streets, at 8 p. m.

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Meets Second Thursday each month at Unity hall, 77 Fifth ave., 8 p. m.

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Meets Third Sunday each month at 2 p. m. in Flynn's hall, North av. and Robey st.

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Meets First Sunday each month at 2:30 p. m. in St. Mathe's hall, Campbell and Robey sts.

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Meets First Thursday of each month in Horse's hall, Halsted and Harrison sts., at 8 p. m.

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Meets First Sunday of each month in Foley's hall, 712 W. Forty-third st., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

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Vice President, Patrick Behan.

Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2220 Archer av.

Financial Secretary, Jas. E. O'Brien.

Treasurer, Mark Hardin.

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DIVISION 8.

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Recording Secretary, Eugene F. Nolan, 299 Erie st.

Financial Secretary, O. J. Cullen.

Treasurer, R. G. Mulligan.

Meets First and Third Saturdays each month at 66 N. Clark st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

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Vice President, Thomas A. Foley.

Recording Secretary, Thomas White, 3141 Michigan av.

Financial Secretary, Michael Clark.

Treasurer, Thomas Ward.

Meets First and Third Fridays each month in Union Bank building, South Chicago, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

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Financial Secretary, Patrick Ryan.

Treasurer, William Walsh.

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Vice President, James F. Murray.

Recording Secretary, Thos. E. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw av.

Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby.

Treasurer, Michael J. Conesy.

Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays each month in Archer hall, Grand ave. and Paulina st., at 8 p. m.

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Financial Secretary, P. B. Flanagan.

Treasurer, Rev. D. J. Crimmins.

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Financial Secretary, D. J. Sullivan.

Treasurer, J. J. Maloney.

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Recording Secretary, F. J. Clingen, 8 South Lincoln st.

Financial Secretary, T. J. McGuire.

Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.

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Meets First Wednesday of each month in Michaussen's hall, 51st and Peoria sts.

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Financial Secretary, James Meaney.

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Treasurer, P. J. Burke.

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HAD TO LEAVE.

The Weather Clerk Was Not Appreciated in Billville.

A stranger in Billville walked into the postoffice and asked to be directed to the signal service man.

"He ain't here no more," said the postmaster.

"Isn't here?"

"No. You see, they don't stay long; they emigrate."

"Emigrate?"

"Yes, sir. You see, it's this way. We have been in the habit for years and every time he'd prophesy cold it would come so hot you couldn't stand a linen duster, and when he'd say it was going to be fine the weather'd come as mild as autumn, so when he said rain it would come so it would soak in. Well, sir, it got so bad an he got to be looked on as such a liar that the parson took him for a text an said hell was hot enough for him, and he'd prophesy cold it would come so hot you couldn't stand a linen duster, and when he'd say it was going to be fine the weather'd come as mild as autumn, so when he said rain it would come so it would soak in. Well, sir, it got so bad an he got to be looked on as such a liar that the parson took him for a text an said hell was hot enough for him, and he'd advised him so that he took to drink an give it out that he'd been promoted, an went to the Pacific slope. Then, sir, the people elected the postmaster, "they all goes there, either or they're called in business."

"All of them?"

"Yes, sir—except them that we don't lynch."

"Why, that's pretty bad!"

"Yes, sir, but you see this is a farming community, an when a man gits a government salary for not workin he's willin to do it to make it right. It knocks the farmers out to say rain an rains it by six weeks."

"Is the signal service bureau had a hard time here?"

"Yes, sir, an it's a pity, too, 'cause we have the finest air real ones here, but they soon play out, an can't git no credit at the stores on account of mistin the weather so much, an then they always say they've been promoted an go west. They do say that they's a regular colony o' them out there."

And then the postmaster put on his spectacles and went forward to a customer who was weighin 3 cents' worth of notepaper.—Atlanta Constitution.

Ways of the Moose.

Ambrose seemed to know a great deal about moose, after all. He told the boys how, back from the narrow valley and the swift, winding stream, the country was all a willow flat, hillsides clad with birches, maples and evergreens, and resting at their feet little lakes, no numerous that no person could say there were. Often, where these lakes were shallow, the yellow pond lily with its broad leaves covered the surface. At other seasons the tender bark of mountain sahes and moosewoods are the favorite food of the moose, for there is nothing he likes so well as the long tubular roots of the lily. In the very early mornings, and late in the cool evenings, the moose are most active. Then the bull moose of the harvest moon—the full moon nearest Sept. 21—a bellow sound, not unlike the sound of distant whipping, may be heard. It is the sound of moose calling to their mates or the anger challenge of fierce rivals. It is this sound which the hunter imitates to attract the moose. But there are only a few places where the moose will answer a bellow spoke in owns well known lakes, and it is said to be nearly useless to call anywhere else.—Tappan Adney in St. Nicholas.

Well Fooled.

Some foreigners who appeared before a judge in May's Landing, N. J., the other day to be naturalized as American citizens showed the densest ignorance. To the question, "Who is the president of the United States?" a Russian answered, "The czar of Russia," and Atlantic City was his answer to the question, "What is the capital of the United States?" An Italian who has been in this country for more than ten years declared that George Washington was the president of the United States, and that he made macaroni.

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Dated Chicago, April 10, 1896.

JOHN F. BOETTCHER, Administrator.

Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

CRANE & KOTAL, ATTORNEYS, ROOM 418 U. S. EXPRESS BUILDING.

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Dated Chicago, April 24, 1896.

GILBERT C. PEYOR, Administrator.

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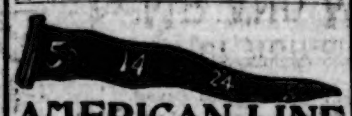

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